

THE  
TRAGEDIE  
of Tancred and Gismund.

COMPILED BY THE GENTLEMEN OF THE INNER TEMPLE, AND BY THEM PRESENTED BEFORE HER MAJESTIE.

*Nearly revised and polished according to the deconum  
of these dates.* By R. Weisnot.



L O N D O N .

Printed by Thomas Cotes, and may be had by  
R. Robinson. 1592.

THE  
TRAGEDIE  
of Iustice and Giuyltyng  
COMPILED BY THE CEN-  
TRE OF THE TOWNSHIP OF  
LONDON AND MARYLEBONE.



1592  
R. H. Printed.

To the right VVorshipfull and  
vertuous Ladies, the L. Marie Peter, & the Ladie  
Anne Graie, long health of boodie with qui-  
et of minde, in the favor of God and men  
for ever.



T is most certaine ( right vertuous and worshipfull ) that of all humane learning, Poetrie ( how contemptible soe-  
ver it is in these daies, is the most ancien ) and in Poetrie, there is no argument  
of more antiquitie and elegancie than is  
the matter of Loue, for it seemes to be as old as the world, &  
soe bare date from the first time that man & woman was:  
therfore in this, as in the finest metall, the frefhest wittis shewe  
in all ages shoun their best workmanship. So amongst others  
these Gentlemen, which with what ( voicenesse of voice and  
liveliness of action they then exprefſed it, they which were  
of her Majesties riught Honorable maidens can teſtifie  
Which being a diſcouerſe of bad louers, perhaps it may  
ſeeme a thing neither fit to be offered onto your Ladyships,  
nor worthie me to buſie my ſelfe withall: yet can I tell you  
Madames, it differeth ſo farre from the ordinarie amorous  
diſcouerſes of our daies, as the manners of our time do from  
the modiſtie and iuſtſencie of that age.

And now for that wearie winter is come upon vs, which  
bringeth with him drouping daies and tedious nights, if it  
be true, that the motions of our mindes follow the tempera-  
ture of the aire wherein we live, then I thinke, the perusing  
of ſome mournfull matter, tending to the view of a notable  
example, will refresh your wits in a gloomy day, & eafe your  
wearines of the lowring night. Which if it please you, may

**John D. C. Littlefield**, *President*  
of the **California State Bar Association**,  
and **John W. Gandy**, *President*  
of the **San Francisco Bar Association**.

Having therefore a desire to be known to your W<sup>t</sup> I denied  
this mail with my selfe to procure the same, persuading  
my selfe, there is nothing more welcome to your misdeomes,  
than the knowledge of my disgrace, or mortall misfortune, ren-  
ding to the good instructions of ymables, of whom you are  
members.

In this respect therefore, I shall bumble desire ye to bestow a favourable countenance upon this little labor, which when ye have graced it withall, I must & will acknowledge my selfe greatly indebted unto your Ladyships in thine behalf: neither shall I enough thankes, that advance your rare vertues, (which are not a fewe in Essex,) eraze so commanditly undeserved gentleness.

*Two Worfships most deuiful and humble Orans*

.222.indd.10  
**Robert Willmott**

dukes, ut nunc se non in tanta rursum habet, ut eam agere  
in predictis molles locis possit, etiam diu in aliis  
-rursum  
predicatur  
aldeate  
metus  
enam, ut dicitur in predictis, in primis est per misericordiam  
223.

To his frend R. W.

After R. VV. looking not now for the fearnes of ay  
intretours, I will say no longer, and so, your prop  
osal, I will refuse them as bad payement: neither  
can I be satisfied with any thing, but a peremptorie per  
formance of an old intention of yours, the publishing I  
meane of those w<sup>t</sup>ll papers (as it pleased you to call them,  
but as I esteem them, a most exquisite invention) of Gis  
mondus Tragodie. I will not to illust me off with longer  
delays, nor alledge more excusas to get further respite,  
leas I arred you with my Alibi of, and commence such  
a Suite of unkindestesse against you, as when the case  
shalbe scand before the Judges of courteisie, the court wil  
c<sup>e</sup> be out of your immoderat moderacie. And thos much I  
tel you before you shal not be able to wage against me in  
the charges growing upon this action, especially, if the  
two boylful company of the Junior temple gentlemen pa  
tronise my cause, as undoubtedly they wil, yea, & rather  
plead partially for me then let my cause miscary, because  
themselues are partie. This tragodie was by them most  
pitifully framid, and no less curiously wroght in due w<sup>t</sup>ll other  
shapely, by whom it was then as painidly accepted, as  
of the whole honourable audience notably applauded: yea,  
and of all men generally desired, as a book, either in mate  
ries of brevity, depth of conceit, or true eminencies of poe  
ticall arte, inferior to none of the best in that kinde: so  
were the Roman S<sup>t</sup>ore the consumer, & Chrysostom youth  
that then (to their high praisa) so feckingly performed for  
same in action, v<sup>t</sup>l. shortly after lay by the booke unregar  
ded, &c: perhaps lat it run obsolete (as many parentes the  
their children once pull downe) not respecting so much  
what hard fortune might befall it being out of their sin  
gers, as how their heretical wits might againe be quickly  
conceid with new inuentions of like wortshippes, wher  
of they have been ever since wonderfull fertill. But this  
orphan of theirs (for he wandeth as it were faterlesse)  
hath notwithstanding, by the rare & boylful perfections

appen-

appearing in him, before he never wanted great fau-  
fers, and loving performers. Among whom I cannot suffi-  
ciently commend your maisterly charitable zeal, and  
espacially compassion towards him, that have not only re-  
ftred and defended him from the devouring fates of ob-  
livion, but conchafed also to appear him in a new fute  
at your own charges, wherin he may againe more boylg  
come abroad, and by your permission returne to his oþer  
parties, whiche perhaps not in ruder or more costly for-  
mature then it went from them, but in vanitatem & fa-  
sion more infallible to those times, wherin fashion  
are so often altered. Let me now suffice soþ your encou-  
ragement herremainely, that your commendable paines  
in restoring him of his entie curiositie, and mounting  
him unto the appreched collie of our Matelass Englishe  
Turkes (not diminishing, but much augmenting his arti-  
ficiall colours of amiable poesie, before from his first pro-  
vence) cannot but bee grateful to most mens appetites,  
both upon our seþerþe bookes to diggle to effect such  
lefty ministris of sententious þe compoþed Englishe. 201

How much you will make me and the rest of þe publick  
make frends byolving with you. I liffor to discoures  
and shew to þe prouincing open facts allegerd reasons, that  
the suppoþing of this Englishe, to moþþe þis þe pride,  
were no other thing then wilfully to befrayd your selfe  
of an unþerfull thank, your friends of their expectacions,  
and your C. of a thundur affront. I will ceaſe to  
boþer of any other þeories to clæm þe þe ballyfulmette,  
þowing to was iellipint (þich lately þis Neglecte in  
þowing þeir papers) at our next appointed meeting.  
þtow you heartily Farewell. From Præs in Chf, Au-  
gust the eighth, 1592. Also to þe author of þis boþer  
þtelling ad amaz 10pm aþt þis lettered þis day þis 1592  
þtred, assynd on þis þe 8þe of þis month, þis continuall  
and true. His resþeruent and true hand þis day add to  
þis boþer, and þis is a þeþon Gwil, Webbe, a medeian  
anachorite þeþon aþt þis add yd, aþonall þis day

TO THE WORSHIPE VLL AND  
learned Societie, the Gentlemen Students of the Inner  
Temple, with the rest of his singular good friends, the Gen-  
tlemen of the middle Temple, and to all other courteous rea-  
ders, R.W. wif beth increase of all health, worship &  
learning, with the immortall glorie of the  
graces adorning the same.

**Y**Emay perceiue (right Worshipful) in perusing  
the former Epistle sent to mee, how sore I am  
beset with the importunitiess of my friends, to  
publish this Pamphlet: Truly I am and haue bin (if  
there be in me anie soundnes of iudgement) of this  
opinion, that whatsoeuer is committed to the preſſe  
is commended to eternitie, and it ſhall stand a liuely  
witnes without our conſcience, to our comfort or con-  
uulfion, in the reckning of that great daie.

Aduisedly therefore was that Prouerbe uſed of  
our elder Philosophers, *Manum a Tabula*: with hold  
thy hand from the paper, and thy papers from the  
print or light of the world: for a lewd word escaped  
is irreuocable; but a bad or base diſcourse published  
in print is intollerable.

Hierupon I haue indured ſome conflicts between  
reafon and iudgement, whether it were conuenient  
for the common wealth, with the *indecarum* of my  
calling (as ſome thinke it) that the memorie of *Tan-  
credes Tragedie* ſhould be againe by my meanes, re-  
uiued, which the firſter I read ouer, and the more I  
conſidered theron, the ſooner I was won to conſent  
therunto: calling to mind that neither the thrice re-  
uerend & learned father M. Beza, was ashamed in his  
yonger yeare, to ſend abroad in his owne name, his

Tragedie

*To the Gentlemen of the Temple.*

*Tragedy of Albranus, i[n]er that rare Scote (the scholler  
of our age) Buchanan, his most pathetical Ioynt.*

Indeed I must willingly confess this worke simple, and not worth comparison to any of theirs : for the writers of them were graue men ; of this young heads : In them is shewn the perfection of their studies, in this, the imperfection of their wits . Neuerthel[es] herein they al agree, commanding vertue, detesting vice, and suuily deciphering their overthrow that supprese not their vnruly affections . These things noted herin, how simple so euer the verse be, I hope the matter wil be acceptable to the wise.

Wherefore I am now bold to present *Gismondo* to your sightes, and vnto yours only, for therfore haue I coniured her, by the loue that hath bin these 24. yeres betwixt vs, that she waxe not so proude of her fresh painting, to stragle in her plumes abroad, but to conteyn her selfe within the walles of your house, so am I sure she shalbe safe fro the *Tragedian Tyrants* of our time , who are not ashamed to affirme that ther can no amorous poeme fauour of any shapnes of wit, vntill sc[i]r be seasoned with scurrilous wonds.

But leauing them to their lewdnes, I hope you, & all discreet readers, wilthankfully receive my pains, the fruites of my first haruest: the rather, perceiving that my purpose in this Tragedie, tendeth onely to the exaltation of vertue, & suppression of vice ; with pleasure to profit and helpe men, but to offend, or hurt no man. As for such as haue neither the grace, nor the good gift to doe well themselves, nor the common honestie, to speake wel of others, I must (as it may) heare and bear their baitings with patience, and, *considering in his abilitie,* R. Wilmot.

## A Preface to the Queenes Maidens

OF HONOR.

**E**lowers of prime, pearls couched all in gold,  
Light of our daies that glads the fainting hearts  
Of them that shall your shining greams behold,  
Salue of each lorc-ure of inward smart,  
In whom Vertue and Beaute striueth so  
As neither yeelds, behold here for your gaine  
*Gifounds vnluckie loue, her fault, her wo*  
And death, at last her cruell Father shal  
Through his mishap, and though you do not see,  
Yet reade and rew their wofull Tragedie.  
So loue, as your high vertues done deserue,  
Grant you such pheeres, as may your vertues seme  
With like vertues, and blisfull Venus sende  
Unto your happy loues in happy end.

T

*Another to the same.*  
**G**ifound, that whosome ill de her fathers joy  
And diuid his death, now dead, doth as she may  
By vs pitie you to pitie her annoy,  
And to requite the same, doth humbly pray,  
Heauens to foreend your loues from like decay,  
The faithfull Earle doth also make request,  
Wishing those worthie knyghts whom ye imbrace,  
The constant truth that lodged in his breast,  
His hardie loue, not his vnhappie caue,  
Befall to such a triumph in your grace.

A

The

*The Tragedie*

The King prays pardon of his cruell heit,  
And for amercys, desires it may suffice,  
That by his bloud he warrneth all the rest  
Offond fathen, that they, in kindest wise,  
Intreat the Jewels where their comfort lies.  
We, as their messengers, beseech ye al  
On their behalves, to pitie all their misars,  
And for our selfes, (al though the worth be small)  
We pitie ye, to accept our humble hearts,  
Auoud to serue with prayer and with praise,  
Your Honor, alvynworthie other waies.

*The Tragedie of Tancred*

*Tancred*, the Prince of Salerne, overcloues  
His onely daughter (wonder of that age)  
*Gismond*, who loues the Countie Palurin,  
*Gauisard*, who quites her likings with his loue:  
A Letter in a cane decribes the meaneſſe  
Of their two meetings, in a ſecret caue.  
Vnconſtant fortune leadeth forth the king  
To this vnhappie ſight, wherewith in rage,  
The gentle Earle he doomeſt to his death,  
And grotts his daughter with her louers haire,  
*Gismond* ſilts the ſoldier with her teares,  
And drinkeſ a poſon which ſhe had diſhild,  
Wheroflike dies, whose deadly countenance  
So gricues her Father, that he flew himſelfe.

An

of Tancred and Gismund.

An other of the same more at large  
in prose.

A N C R E D king of Naples and Prince of Salerne, gave his only daughter Gismund (whom he most dearely loued) in mariage to a foraine Prince, after whose death she returned home to her Father, who having felt great griefe of bir absence whilst her husband liued, immesurably esteeming her, determined never to suffer any second mariage to bereave him of bir. She on the other side waxing wearie of that her fathers purpose, bent her mind to the secret loue of the County Palurin: towbom (he being likewise inflamed with loue of her) by a Letter subtilly inclosed in a clover case, she gave to understand a convenient mate for their defred meetings, strownb an old rumentous vane, whose mouth opened directly under her chamber floure. Into this vane when she was one day descended (for the conuiallance of bir louer) her father in the meane seafon (whose only joy was in his daughter) came to her chamber, and not finding her there, supposing her to have bin walken abroad for her disport, he shewen him downe on his bed, and covered his head with a certaine mounding so abode and rest there till her returne. She nothing suspecting this her fathers unfeareable comming, brought up her louer out of the same vane her chamber, where her father spied the secret loue, and her (not offred of them) was open this signe forson with marueilous griefe, and entreated that the former delight had amazled him or taken from him all yonge hech, or for that he had resolued himself to a more earnest revenge, but then shalke making, hee wold then reme with the wrong, and sorely departed.

The Tragedie

departed. Afterward bewailing his mishap, he commandeth  
the Earle to be attatched, imprisoned, strangled, unbowedell,  
and his heart in a cup of golde to be presented to his daughter:  
she thankfully receiveth the present, filling the cuppe  
(wherein the heart was) with her teares, with a venomous  
potion (by her distilled for that purpose) shee dranke to her  
Earle. Which her fasher bearing of, came too late to comfort  
his dying daughter, who for her last request besought him,  
that her louer and her selfe, might in one tombe be together  
buried, for a perpetuall memorie of their faishfull lones,  
which request he graunted, adding to the buriall, himselfe  
slaine with his owne hands, to his owne reproch, and the ter-  
ror of all other hard hearted fashers.

Actus. I. Scena. I.

Cupid commers out of the heauens in a cradle of flowers,  
drawing forth vpon the stage in a blew twiste of silke,  
from his left hand Vaine hope, Bristle joy. And with a  
carnation twist of silke from his right hand, Faire re-  
semblance, Late Repentance.

*Cupid.* There rest my chariot on the mountaine tops,  
I that in shape appare vnto your sight  
Anaked boy, not cloathide but with my wings,  
Am that great God of Loue, who with his might  
Ruleth the wast wide world, and liuing things.  
This left hand beares vaine hope, short joyfull state,  
With faire Resemblance, louers to allure,  
This right hand holds Repentance all too late,  
Warre, fire, bloud, and paines without recure.  
On sweete Ambrosia, is not my foode,  
Nectar is not my drinke, as to the rest  
Of all the Gods: I drinke the louers bloud,  
,, And

*of Tancred and Gismond.*

„ And feed vpon the heart within his breast.  
Well hath my power in heauen and earth bin tride,  
And deepest hell, my pearcing force hath knownen.  
The marble seas, my wonders haue descride,  
Which elderage throught the world hath blowen.  
To me, the king of Gods and men doth yeeld,  
As witnes can the Greekish maide, whom I  
Made like a cow go lowing through the field,  
Leaſt iealous Juno ſhould the ſcape eſpie:  
The doubled night, the Sunnes restrained course,  
His ſecret stealths, the slander to eſchew,  
In ſhape transformd, we liſt not to diſcource.  
All that and more we forced him to do,  
The warlike Mars hath not ſubdue oþir might,  
We feared him not, his furie nor diſdaine,  
That can the Gods record: before whose fight  
He laie fast wrapt in Vulcans ſubtill chaine,  
He that on earth yet hath not felt our power,  
Let him beholde the fall and cruell ſpoile  
Of thee faire Troy, of Asia the flower,  
So foule defaſt, and leueld with the ſoile.  
Who forſt Leander with his naked brefte  
So many nights to cut the frothic waues,  
But Heroes loue, that lay incloſde in Seſt?  
The stoutest hearts to me ſhall yeeld them ſlaves.  
Who could haue matcht the huge Alcides ſtrength, *Hercules.*  
Great Macedon, what force might haue ſubdue? *Alexand.*  
Wife Scipio who ouercame at length,  
But we, that are with greater force enduē?  
Who could haue conquered the golden fleece  
But Iason aided by Medeas art,  
Who durst haue ſtolne faire Helen out of Greece

16.

*Like to  
Amphi-  
trio to  
Alcmena.*

*The Tragedie*

But I, with loue that boldned Paris heart?  
What bond of nature, what restraint auaines  
Against our power? I vouch to witnes truth.

*Myrrha* The Myrthe tree that with shamefast teares bewailes  
Her fathers loue, still weepeth yet for ruth.  
But now, this world not seeing in these daies,  
Such present proofes of our al-daring power,  
Disdaines our name, and seeketh fundrie waies,  
To scorne and scoffe, and shame vs euerie houre,  
A brat, a bastard, and an idle boy,  
A rod, a staffe, a whip to beat him out,  
And to be sick of loue, a childish toy,  
These are mine honors now the world about,  
My name disgrast, to raise againe therefore,  
And in this age, mine ancient renoume  
By mightie acts, intending to restore,  
Downe to the earth, in wrath now am I come.  
And in this place, such wonders shall ye heare,  
As these your stubborne, and disdainfull hearts,  
In melting teares, and humble yeelding feare,  
Shall soone relent by sight of others smarts.  
This princely pallace, will I enter in,  
And there inflame, the faire Gismonda, so  
Inraging all her secret vaines within,  
Through firieloue, that shew shall feele much wo.  
Too late repentance, thou shalt bend my bow.  
Vaine hope, take out my pale dead heauie shaft,  
Thou faire Resemblance, formost forth shalt go,  
With Brittle ioy: my selfe will not be least,  
But after me, comes death, and deadly paine.  
Thus shall ye march, till we returne againe,  
Meantwhile sit still, and here I shall you shew!

*of Tancred and Gismund.*

Such wonders, that at last with one accord,  
Ye shall relent, and saie that now ye know,  
Loue rules the world, Loue is a mightie Lord, *Exit.*

*Cupid with his traine entereth into King Tan-*  
*creds Pallace.*

*Gismunda in Purple commesh out of her Chambur, atten-*  
*ded by soure maides that are the Chorus.*

Scæna. 2.

„ **O** Vaine, vnsteadfast state of mortall things, *Gismund.*  
„ Who trusts this world, leans to a brittle stay,  
„ Such fickle fruit, his flattering bloome forth  
„ Ere it be ripe, it falleth to decay, (brings  
The ioy and blisse that late I did possesse,  
In weale at will, with one I loued best,  
Is turned now into so deepe distresse,  
As teacheth me to know the worlds vrest.  
For neither wit nor princely stomackes serue  
Against his force that slaiers without respect,  
The noble and the wretch : ne doth serue,  
So much as one, for worthines elect.  
Ah me deare Lord, what well of teares may serue  
To feed the streames of my foredulled eies,  
To weepe thy death, as thy death doth deserue,  
And waile thy want in full sufficing wife.  
Ye lampes of heauen, and all ye heauenly powers,  
Wherein did he procure your high disdaine,  
He never sought with vast huge mounting towers  
To reach aloft, and ouer-view your raigne,  
Or what offence of mine was it vnwares,  
That thus your furie should on me be thrownen,

To

*The Tragedie*

To plague a woman with such endles cares,  
I feare that enuie hath the heauens this shauen.  
The Sunne his glorious vertues did disdaine,  
Mars at his manhood mightily repind,  
Yea all the Gods no longer could sustaine,  
Each one to be excelled in his kind.  
For he my Lord surpast them euerie one,  
Such was his honor all the world throughout,  
But now my loue, oh whither art thou gone?  
I know thy ghost doth houer hete about,  
Expecting me (thy heart) to follow thee:  
And I (deare loue) would faine dissolve this strife,  
But stale a while, I may perhaps foresee  
Some meanes to be disbured of this life,  
,, And to discharge the dutie of a wife,  
,, Which is, not onely in this life to loue,  
,, But after death her fancie not remoue.  
Meane while accept of these our daily rites,  
Which with my maidens I shall do to thee,  
Which is in songs to cheere our dying spirits  
With hymnes of praises of thy memorie.

*Cantant.*

*Quia mihi canticum nondum occurrit.*  
The Song ended,  
Tancred the King commissioune of his pallace with

his guard. Scena 3.

Tancred. Faire daughter, I haue sought thee out with griefe,  
To ease the sorrowes of thy vexed heart.  
How long wille thou torment thy fathir thus  
Who daily dies to see thy needles teares,  
Such bootlesse plaints that know nor meane no redē  
Do but increase the flouds of thy lament,

And

*of Tancred and Gismond.*

And since the world knowes wel there de was now a want  
In then, or sought that did no him beloghne. 2150 II A  
Yet all thou seest could not his life prolong. 2151 III C  
Why the docst thou pronoke the heauens to wrath? 2152  
His doomd of death was dated by his starres. 2153 A  
"And whi is he that may withstand his fate? 2154 F  
By these complaints I m<sup>t</sup>all good to him thot<sup>t</sup> doest,  
Much grieset me, most hurt vnto thy selfe; 2155 A  
And vnto Nature greatest wrong of all. 2156 B *Light quicke*  
*Gif.* Tell me not of the date of natures daies, 2157 Y  
Then in the Apell of her springing agen t<sup>t</sup>ub. 2158 W  
No, no, it was my crudl destime, 2159 A *darknes, godis*  
That spited at the plesance of my life. 2160 W  
*Tanc.* My daughter knowes the pwoe of natures. 2161 O  
"For as the heauens do guide the lamp of life & counse, 2162  
"So can they search no further forth the flame. 2163 T  
"Then whilst wight byle they do maintayn the flame. 2164  
*Gif.* Curst be the starres, and vanish may they curst,  
Or fall from heauen, that is the dire aspect. 2165 H *and*  
Abridgde the health and welfare of any loue. 2166 L *and*  
*Tanc.* Gismond my louy for all these gyleses apart, 2167 O  
"The more thou art with hard mishap beset, 2168 A *and*  
"The more thy paunce should procure thine easse. 2169  
*Gif.* What hope of hap may cheare my haples chance?  
What sights, what darke maye conuertail my care? 2171  
What shalld I do, yet still his death bewaile, 2172 O  
That was the solace of my lifeland soule? 2173  
Now, now I want the wortid guide and stay, 2174 O  
Of my desires, and to foyne wreakeless thoughts. 2175 A  
My Lord, my loue, my life, my laking gone, 2176 E *and*  
In whome was all the fayre of my loue, 2177 A *and*  
To whom I gave the first fayles of my loue, 2178 S *and*  
*Who* 2179

Who wish the comfort of his only sight,  
All cares and sorowes could from me remoue.  
But father, now my ioyds for repast to tel, worth illis to Y  
Doe but revue the horrors of my hell.  
As she that steecte in darkenes to behold moob aH  
The gladsome pleasides of the chearefullight.  
*Tan.* What then dailes the fruitesse thus to me?  
His absence whom she heauens cannot retayne.  
Impartiall death thy husband did subdue, or my bA  
Yet hath he spar'd my kingly fathers life.  
Who during life goeth in a double stay, A mili noT  
As father, and as husband will remaine, sw tig on oN  
With doubled sorte to eas thy widowes want.  
O shun whose want is cause of thy complaint,  
Forbore thou therefore all these needless misery.  
That nipppe the blossoms of thy beauties pride.  
*Gif.* Father, these teares louie chaleng eth of due.  
*Tan.* But thatson saith thou shouldst this same subdue.  
*Gif.* His funeralls are yet before my sight, nof lli to O  
*Tan.* In endles mones Printes shalld not delight.  
*Gif.* The turtle pines at loss of her thre mate.  
*Tan.* And so continuets poore and desolate.  
*Gif.* Who can forget a jewell of such price?  
*Tan.* She that hath leavd to master her desires.  
Learnson woske that time doth easlie stame.  
In meaest wittes to beate the greate stille.  
*Gif.* So plenteous are the springs  
Of sorrowes that increase my passions, I won,won  
As neither reason canst cure my smart, a mili oM  
Nor can your care, nor fatherly comfort.  
Appease the stormie combats of my thoughts,  
Such is the sweet remembrance of his life, godly oT  
That geue me leue, of pittie pittie me,

*of Tancred and Gismund.*

Andas I can I shall allay these greeves.

*Tan.* These solitarie walkes thou doest frequent,

Ye eld fresh occasions to thy secrete mones:

We wil therefore thou keep vs companie,

Leauing thy maidens with their harmonie.

Wend thou with vs, virgins withdraw your selues.

*Tan and Gis.* with the Gard, depart into the pallace, the  
four maidens stay behinde. *Chorus to the Tragadic.*

*The diners haps* which alwayes worke our care,

*Our ioyes so farre, our moes so neare at hand,*

*Hau long ere this, and dayly doe declare*

*The fickle foot on which our stear death standes*

*, Who plants his pleasures here to gather roote,*

*, And hopes his happy life wil still endure,*

*, Let him behold how death with stealing foot*

*, Steps in, when bashall thinke his ioyes most sure,*

*, No ransome serueth to redeem our daies,*

*If prodes could preserve, or worthy deedes,*

*He had yet liu alwhose twelue labours displayes*

*His endallesse fame, and yet his honor spreades,*

*And this great king that with so small a phare*

*Bereft the mightie Persian his crowne,*

*Doeth witness well our life is but a flower, gins field to*

*Though it be deckt with honor and renomme,*

*, What growes to day in favor of sheheauen,*

*, Nurst with the sun, and with the shawets sweete,*

*, Pluckt with the hand it withereth etc cuca,*

*, So passe our daies even as the rivers fleet.*

*The valiand Grekes thatyno Troye gaue him bin A*

*The tennye yeres sidge, les but their names behind.*

*And he that did so long and on clie saue*

*His fathers walles, found there at last his end.*

*Chor. 1.*

Alexan-  
der.

*Chor. 2.*

Hector.

The Tragedie

Proud Rome herselfe, that whilom laid her yoke  
On the wide world, and vanquished all with warre,  
Yet could she not remoue the fatall stroke  
Of death, from them that stretch their power so farre.

Chor. 3.

*1.10.15. C* Looke what the eruell sisters intended  
They bade her him selfe cannot remoue  
They are the Ladys of our destinie, who keepe us in  
To worke beneath, what to confirde above,  
But happy he that ends this mortall life,  
By speedie death, who is not farst to see,  
The many cares, nor feele the sounding griefe  
Which we sustaine, in wo and miserie,  
Heere Fortune rules, who when he list to play,  
Whirls her wheele, and brings the high full low,  
To morrow takes gold, that she hath given to day,  
To shew her an aduance, and over thred more,  
Not Euripus unquicke stond so oft, or diuided water,  
Ebs in a daie, and flourishes and feso,  
As Fortunes change, plucks downe that was aloft,  
And mingles it againe with enterchange of wo.

Chor. 4.

*1.10.2. C* Who liues belowe, and feeleth not the strokies,  
Which often times on highest towers do fall,  
Nor blustering winds, wherwith the strongest oakes  
Are rent and ronne, his life is surfe of all:  
For he may scorne Fortune, that hath no powre,  
Ochim, that is well pleased with his estate,  
He seeketh not helawees, nor fears his fower,  
But liues contented in his quiet rate,  
And marking how these worldly thinges downdre,  
Rehindeeth to himselfe, and laughs to see  
*H. 1.10.2. C* The folly of men, that in there wids haue maded,  
Fortune a goddesse placed in the skie.  
*Finis Actus 6. Exegit Rod. Staf.*

*of Tancred and Gismund.*

W  
W  
W  
W  
W

*Auctis. 21. fol. 1. Secunda.*

W  
W  
W

W  
W  
W

**D**ear Aunt, my sole companion in distresse,  
And true copartner of my thoughtfull cares,  
Wherin with myselfe I way my present day,  
Comparing it with my forpast daies,  
New heapes of cares, afresh beginne to assay,  
My pensiu heart as when the glittering raiſes,  
Of bright Phœbus, are sodainely o're ſpred,  
With duskie clouds, that in his golden light,  
Namely, when I laid in my widowes bed,  
Amid the ſilence, of the quiet night,  
With curious thought, the fleeting course obſerue,  
Of gladiſomē youth, how ſoon it ſhower decades,  
How time once paſt, may never hinde recou're,  
No more then may the running treames reuer,  
To climbe the hilles, when they bin rowld down,  
The hollow vales, there is no curious art,  
Nor worldlie power, no ne'er the gods can hold,  
The ſway of a yong aman, nor his returne,  
When he is paſt all things, into his might,  
Muſt bend, and yeild, unto the Iron teeth,  
Of eating time, this in the ſtedy night,  
When I record, how ſoon my youth with leaves,  
It ſelfe away, how ſwift my pleauant ſpring,  
Runnes out his face, this this (Aunt) is the cauſe,  
When I adife in ſadlie on this thing,  
That makes my heart, in pensiu dampſed mind,  
For if I ſhould, my ſpringing years neglect,  
And ſuffer youth to fade away,  
Whereto liue I? or whereto was I borne?

Wherefore hath nature deckt me with her gracie?

Why haue I tasted the delights of loue?

And felt the sweets of Hymeneus bed?

But to say sooth (deare Aunt) it is not I A small

Sole and alone, can thus content to spend h[er] A

My chearefull years; my father will not still W

Prolong my mountaings, which haue grieved him C

And pleased me too long. Then this I craze, N  
To be resolute of his princelie minde, M  
For, stode it with the pleasure of his will A nightg[own]

To maulie me, my fortune is not such, to obtemper him V

So hard, that I so long should still p[re]tend, v[er]y M

Makelesse alone in wofull widowhood, off him A

And shall I tell youne Aunt, coming hether then, W

Give me that hand, by thine owne right hand sig[ning] O

I charge thy heart w[it]h scrupels to conceale wo H

Late haue I seen, and siring, nocke delight, in o N

And with delight I will not say, illuse, T

A Prince, an Earle, a Counte at the Court, T

But loue and durtie forced me to resigne, how to H

And drive away these fond affections, to w[e]l[come] T

Submitting them unto my fathers heft, i[n]c[on]trolle M

But this (good Aunt) this is my chiefeſt paine, M

Because I stand at ſuch knoturme stay, i[n]con[cern]trolle O

For if my kinglin father would deafe, O

His final doome, that I muſt ſteade my life, sw[orn] i[n]fidel i

Such as I doe, I would concurme them, i[n]con[cern]trolle K

To frame my fancies to his princely heft, I now V

And as I might endy me the greſe thereof, ſolemne T

But now his silence doubleth all my doubts, P[er]to I

Whilſt my ſuspicioſe thoughtes twixt hope & feare,

Distract me into ſundrie paſſions, to ſoile I now W

There-

*of Tancred and Gismond.*

Therefore (good Aunt) this labour must be yours,  
To understand my fathels will I certaine  
For wel I know your wisedome knowes the meane,  
So shall you both allay my stormie thoughts,  
And bring to quiet my vnguest mind.

*L. Sufieth his I go bidde deere ihas yee Neece say,*  
For I perceue what malice, passion,  
Strive in your brest, which oftentimes ere this  
Your countenance confused did bewray,  
The ground whereof since I perceue to grow  
On iust respect of this your sole estate,  
And skilfull care of sheeting yond the dreary,  
Your wise foresight such sorrowing to eschew  
I much commend, and promis as I may  
To breake this matter, and impotybut mind  
Vnto your fathel, and to worke it oþerwise  
As both your heartishal, & the Imperiall,  
Nor he unsatisfied of your desire,  
Be you no farther grieved, but returne  
Into your chamber, I shall take this charge,  
And you shall shortly truly understand  
What I haue wrought, and whan the king affirme.  
*Gif. I leaue you to the fortune of my stans.*

*Gif. deparsh with her chamber, I. and riding on the stage,*  
*Luc. The heauens I hope will saue my ouercompli.*  
My Neece shall not impute the chuse to be  
In my default, her will shold want affectation  
But in the king is all my doubt, least he  
My suite for her new mariage should recet.  
Yet shall I proue him, and I heare it said,  
He meane this euening in the park to hunt,  
Here will I wait attending his approach.

*Tancred*

The Tragedie of R. R.  
Tamerlane  
Tamerlane cometh out of his Palace with Guise and the  
Countie Palurian, and the Lord Chamberlaine, Ren-  
chino capteine of his Guard, all ready to knowe  
what he cometh to do. I have to say  
that you will see by this playe howe well he  
doth his busynesse.

Tamerlane. **V**Ncouple all our both dace Landes to the chafel

**L**uc. Faire sister hylde, what kinde newes with you?

Sister. I alwaies haue imployed my poweryn.  
And faithfull seruite, such as day in me, Yer  
In my hys wife, to haunour yow and yours. So I  
So now, my bounden dutie moueth me to speake  
Your maistrie haue thys humble rofessor. Hylde bna  
With patient eares, to understand the state,  
Of my pore wome, your daughter. Tame. what of her?  
Is she not minde In my seruite her health? I  
Say sister, easie mocht this iudicacion be. V  
**L**ucr. She lieth in Lynd, & hath her onward helth,  
But all the danger of her faynes lies  
In the disquies of her priuicil omind shrowd on her selfe.

**T**ame. Resque amio, wher afflicteth thy daughter so? Only  
**L**ucr. Since when the Prince of thys towne bna  
Hes late deceased husband of renowne and I (Lord  
Brother, I haue had vtre well percieue,  
She hath no childe to do together in his graue,  
All spakes bne, bludnes, nor of house.  
But as sholines so thinng hym, she redest  
Such passionnes wantonnes, that opprest  
Subiect vnto all impressions of desire.  
For well I wot, my weee was never wrought  
Of steele, nobilitie from the sunnes hode,  
Such stern and hardnes we ought not to expect,  
In her, whose princely heart, and springing years,

Yet

*of Tancred and Gismond.*

Yet flowring in the chieffest heat of youth,  
Is lead of force, to feed on such conceits,  
As easilie befallas that age, which asketh ruth  
Of them, whome nature bindeth by foresight  
Of their graue yeares, and carefull loue to reach,  
The things that are aboue their feeble force:  
And for that cause, dread Lord although.

*Tanc.* Sister I say.

If you esteeme, or ought respect my life,  
Her honor, and the welfare of our house,  
Forbeare, and wade no further in this speech.  
Your words, are wounds, I verie well perceiue,  
The purpose of this smooth oration:  
This I suspected, when you first began,  
This faire discourse with vs: Is this the end  
Of all our hopes, that we haue promised  
Vnto our selfe, by this her widdowhood?  
Would our deare daughter, would our onely ioy,  
Would she fersake vs: would she leauue vs now?  
Before she hath closde vp, our dying eies,  
And with her teares, bewaile our funerall?  
No other solace, doth her father craue,  
But whilst the fates, maintaine his dying life,  
Her healthfull presence, gladsome to his soule,  
Which rather then he willing would for-goe,  
His heart desires, the bitter taft of death:  
Her late marriage, hath taught vs to our griefe,  
That in the fruits, of her perpetuall sight  
Consists the onely comfort and relief,  
Of our vnweldy age: for what delight  
What ioy: what comfort: haue we in this world,  
Now growen in yeares, and ouer-worne with cares,

*The Tragedie*

Subiect vnto the sodain stroke of death,  
Already falling like the mellowed fruite,  
And dropping by degrees into our graue.  
But what reuiues vs? what maintaines our soule  
Within the prison of our withered brest?  
But our *Gismunda* and her chearefull sight.  
O daughter, daughter, what desert of mine,  
Wherein haue I beene so vnkind to thee?  
Thou shouldest desire to make my naked house  
Yet once againe stand desolate by thee?  
O let such fansies vanish with their thoughts,  
Tell her I am her father, whose estate,  
Wealth, honor, life, and all that we possesse,  
Whollie relies vpon her presence here.  
Tell her I must account her all my ioy,  
Worke as shewill: But yet she were vniust,  
To haste his death that liueth by her sight  
*Lucr.* Her gentle hart abhors such ruthles thoughts.  
*Tan.* Then let her not geue place to these desires.  
*Lucr.* She craues the right that nature chalengeth.  
*Tan.* Tell her the king commaundeth otherwise.  
*Lucr.* The kings commandment alwaies should be iust.  
*Tan.* What ere it be the kings commaund is iust.  
*Lucr.* Iust to commaund: but iustlie must he charge.  
*Tan.* He chargeth iustlie that commands as king.  
*Lucr.* The kings command concerns the body best.  
*Tan.* The king commands obedience of the minde.  
*Luc.* That is exempted by the law of kinde,  
*Tan.* That law of kind to children doth belong.  
*Luc.* In due obedientie to their open wrong.  
*Tan.* I then; as king and father, will commaund.  
*Luc.* No more then may with right of reason stand.  
*Tan.*

*of Tancred and Gismund.*

*Tan.* Thou knowest our minde, resolute her, depart,  
Returne the chace, we haue beeene chac'd enough.

*Tancred returneth into his pallace, & leaueth the hunt,*

*Luc.* He cannot heare, anger hath stopt his eares.

And ouer-loue his judgement hath decaide.

Ah my poore Neece, I shrewdly feare thy cause,  
Thy iust complaint shall never be reliu'd.

Gismunda commeth alone out of her chamber.

Scena 3.

*Gif.* **B**Y this I hope my aunt hath mou'd the king.  
And knows his mind, & makes return to me  
To end at once all this perplexitie.

Lo where she stands. Oh how my trembling heart  
In doubtfull thoughts panteth within my brest.  
For in her message doth relie my smart,  
On the sweet quiet of my troubled minde.

*Luc.* Neece, on the point you lately willed me  
To treat of with the king in your behalfe,  
I brake eu'en now with him so farre, till he  
In sodain rage of griefe, ere I scarce had  
My tale out tolde, praid me to stint my suite,  
As that from which his minde abhorred most.  
And well I see his fansie to refute,  
Is but displeasure gainde, and labor lost.  
So firmly fixed stands his kingly will,  
That til his body shalbe laid in graue,  
He will not part from the desired sight  
Of your presence, which silder he shoulde haue,  
If he had once allied you againe,  
In marriage to any prince or peere.

*The Tragedie*

This is his finall resolution.

*Gif.* A resolution that resolues my bloud  
Into the Ice-sie drops of Lethe's flood,

*Luc.* Therefore my counsel is, you shall not sturre,  
Nor further wade in such a case as this:

But since his will is grounded on your loue,  
And that it lies in you, to saue or spill,

His old fore-wasted age: you ought t'elchew,  
The thing that greeues so much his crazed heart,

And in the state you stand, content your selfe:

And let this thought, appease your troubled mind,  
That in your hands, relies your fathers death,

Or blisfull life, and since without your sight,  
He cannot liue, nor can his thoughts indure,

Your hope of marriage, you must then relent,  
And ouer-rule these fond affections:

Least it be said, you wrought your fathers end.

*Gif.* Deare Aunt, I hant with patient cares indurde,  
The hearing of my fathers hard behest:

And since I see, that neither I my selfe,

Nor your request, can so preuaile with him,  
Nor anie sage aduice perswade his mind

To grant me my desire, In willing wife,

I must submit me vnto his command,

And frame my heart to serue his maestic.

And (as I may) to drive awaie the thoughts

That diuerstly distract my passions,

Which as I can, Ile labour to subdue,

But sore I feare, I shall buttoile in vaine,

Wherin (good Ant) I must desire your paine.

*Luc.* What lies in me by comfort or aduice,

I shall discharge with all humilitie.

*Gismund and Lutre depart into Gismunds chamber.*

of Tancred and Gismond.

Chorus primus.

Who markes our former times and present yeres,  
What we are now, and lookest what we haue bin,  
He cannot but lament with bitter teares,  
The great decay and change of all women.  
For as the world wore on and waxed olde,  
So vertue quailed, and vice began to grow,  
So that, that age, that whilome was of golde,  
Is worse than braffe, more vile than yron now,  
The times were such, that if we ought beleue  
Of elder daies) women examples were,  
Of rare vertues : Lucre disdaind to liue  
Longer then chaste : and boldly without feare  
Tooke sharpe reuenge on her inforced heart,  
With her owne hands: for that if not withstood  
The wanton will, but yeelded to the force  
Of proud Tarquin, who bought his fame with blood.  
Queene Artemisia thought an heape of stones, Chor.2.  
(Although they were the wonder of that age)  
A worthlesse graue, wherin to rest the bones  
Of her deare Lord, but with bold courage,  
She dranke his heart, and made her louely breast  
His tombe, and failed not of wifely faith,  
Of promist loue, and of her boind honestie  
Vntill she ended had her daies by death:  
Vlysses wife (such was her stedfastnesse)  
Abode his slow returne whole twentie yeeres:  
And spent her youthfull daies in penitenesse,  
Bathing her widdowes bed with brinish teares.  
The stout daughter of Cato Bratus wife, Portia Chor.3  
When she had heard his Heath, did not desire  
Longer to liue, and lacking sicke of knyfes,

The Tragedie

(A most strange thing) ended her life by fire,  
And eat whot burning coales: O worthy dame!  
O vertues worthy of eternall praise!  
The floud of Lethe cannot wash out thy fame,  
To others great reproach, shame, and dispraise.

Chor. 4.

Rare are those vertues now in womens mind,  
Where shall we seeke such jewels passing strange?  
Scarce can you now among a thousand finde  
One woman stedfast: all delight in change.  
Marke but this princiße that lamented here,  
Of late so sore her noble husbands death,  
And thought to live alone without a pheare,  
Behold how soone she changed hath that breath,  
I thinke those Ladies that haue liv'd before,  
A mirrour and a glasse to womenkinde,  
By those their vertues they did set such store,  
That unto vs they none bequeath'd behinde.

Chor. 5.

Elis in so many voeres we might haue seene  
As vertuous as ever they haue beeene.

Chor. 1.

Yet let not vs maydens condemne our kinde,  
Because our vertues are not all so rare:  
For we may freshly yet record in minde,  
There liues a virgin, one without compare,  
Who of all graces hath her heauenly share.  
In whose renowne, and for whose happy daies,  
Let vs record this Paeon of her praise.

Constant.

Finit Actus 3. sc. Per Hen. No.

Actus 4. Scena 1. in folio off T

Cynd. O, now they feel what lordly loue can d  
that proudly practise to deface his nam

*of Tancred and Gismund.*

In vaine they wrastle with so fierce a foe,  
of little sparkes arise a blazynge flame.  
,, By small occasions loue can kindle heate,  
,, and wast the Oken brest to cinder dust:  
*Gismund* I haue entised to forget  
her widdowes weedes, and burne in raging lust:  
Twas I enforst her father to denie  
her second marriage to any peere:  
Twas I allur'd her once againe to trie  
the fower sweetes that Louers buy too deere.  
The Countie *Palurin*, a man right wise,  
a man of exquisite perfections:  
I haue like wounded with her pearing eyes,  
and burnt her heart with his reflections.  
These two shall ioy in tasting of my sweete,  
to make them proue more feelingly the greefe  
That bitter brings: for when their ioyes shall flete,  
their dole shalbe increast without releefe.  
Thus loue shall make worldlings to know his might,  
thus loue shall force great princes to obey.  
Thus loue shall daunt each proud rebelling spirite,  
thus loue shall wreake his wrath on their decay.  
Their ghostes shall doc black hell to vnderstand,  
how great and wonderfull a God is Loue:  
And this shall learne the Ladies of this lande,  
with patient mindes his mighty power to proue.  
From whence I did descend now will I mount,  
to loue, and all the Gods in their delights;  
In throne of triumph there will I recount,  
how I by sharpe reuenge on mortall wights,  
Haue taught the earth, and learned hellish spirites  
to yeld with feare their stubburn hearts to loue:

*Lest*

*The Tragedie*

Least their disdain, his plagues and vengeance proue  
*Cupid remouesth into the heauens.*

*Lucrece commeth out of Gismunds Chamber solitari.*

Scena. 2.

*Luc.* **P**ite, that moueth euery gentle heart,  
To rue their griefs, that be distrest in pain,  
Inforceth me, to waile my neeces smart,  
Whose tender brest, no long time may sustaine,  
The restlesse toyle, that her vnquiet mind,  
Hath causd her feeble bodie to indure,  
But why it is, (slacke) I must not find,  
Nor know the man, by whome I might procure  
Her remedie, as I of dutie ought,  
As to the law of kindship, doth belong,  
With carefull heart, the secret meanes I sought,  
Though small effect, is of my trauell spong:  
Full often as I durst, I herte assaid,  
With humble words, the princes to require,  
To namē the man, which she hath so denaid,  
That it abashē me, further to desire, (ceed,  
Or askē from whence, those cloudie thoughts pro-  
Whose stonie force: that smokie sighs forth send,  
Is liuelie wites, how that carefull dread,  
And hot desire, within her doth contend:  
Yet she denies, what she confess of yore,  
And then conioynd me, to conceale the same:  
She loued once, (she faith) but never more,  
Nor euer will, her fancie thereto framē:  
Though daily, I obserued in my brest,  
What sharpe conflicts, disquiet her so sore,  
That

*of Tancred and Gismund.*

That heavy sleep cannot procure her rest,  
But fearefull dreames presant her euermore  
Most hideous sights her quiet to molest.  
That starting oft therwith she doth awake,  
To muse vpon those fancies which torment  
Her thoughtfull heart with horror, that doth make  
Her cold chil sweat break foorth incontinent  
From her weake lims: and while the quiet night  
Geues others rest, she turning to and fro  
Doth wish for day. But when the day brings light,  
She keepes her bed, there to record her woe.  
As soon as when she riseth flowing teares  
Stream down her chekes, immixt with dedly grones  
Whereby her inward sorow so appeares,  
That as salt teares the cruell cause becomes.  
In case she be constrained to abide  
In preace of company, she scarcely may  
Her trembling voice restraine it be not spied  
From careful plaints her sorrowes to bewray.  
By which restraint the force doth so increase,  
When time and place geue liberty to plaine.  
That as small streames from running never cease,  
Til they returne into the seas againe:  
So her lamentes we feare wil not amend,  
Before they bring her Princely life to end.  
To others talke when as she should attend,  
Her heaped cares her sences so oppresse,  
That what they speak, or wherto their wordstende  
She knowes not, as her answeres do expresse.  
Her chiefe delight is stil to be alone,  
Her penisive thoughts within themselues debate,  
But whereupon this restless life is growen,

*The Tragedie*

Since I know not nor how the same tabate,  
I can no more but wish it as I may,  
That he which knowes it would the same allay,  
For which the Muses with my song shal pray.

*After the song, which was by report very sweetly repeated of the Chorus, Lucrece departeth into Gismonds chamber, and Guisghard commeth out of the Pallace with Iulio & Renuchio, gentlemen, to whom he turneth, and saith.*

*Scena. 3.*

**Guisf.** *L*eue me my frends, this solitarie walke  
Intifeth me to breake your companie.  
Leue me my frends, I can endure no talk,  
Let me intreat this common curtesie.

*The Gentlemen depart.*

What greeuous pain they dure which neither may  
Forget their Loues, ne yet enjoy their loue.  
I know by proofe, and daily make assay,  
Though Loue hath brought my Ladies hart to loue  
My faithfull loue with like loue to requite:  
This doeth not quench, but rather cause to flame  
The creeping fire, which spreading in my brest  
With raging heat graunts me no time of rest.  
If they bewaile their cruell destenie,  
Which spend their loue wher they no loue can find  
Wel may I plaine, since Fortune haleth me  
To this torment of far more greeuous kind.  
Wherein I feele as much extremitie,  
As may be felt in body or in minde.  
For by that sight which should recure my paine,  
My sorowes are redoubled all in vaine.  
Now I perceiue that only I alone  
Am her belou'd, her looks assure me so:

*of Tancred and Gismond.*

The thought thereof prouokes me to bemone  
Her heauy plight that greeueth at my woe.  
This entercourse of our affections:  
I her to serue, she thus to honor me,  
Bewraies the trueth of our elections,  
Delighting in this mutual sympathie.  
Thus loue for loue intreats the Queen of loue,  
That with her help Loues solace we may proue.  
I see my mistres seekes as well as I  
To stay the strife of her perplexed mind:  
Full faine she would our secrete companie,  
If she the wished way therof might finde.  
Heauens haue ye seen, or hath the age of man  
Recorded such a myracle as this?  
In equall loue twa noble harts to frame,  
That never spake one with anothers blisse,  
I am assured that she doth assent,  
To my reliexe that I should reape the same,  
If she could frame the meanes of my content,  
Keeping her selfe from danger of defame.  
In happy houre right now I did receiue  
This cane from her: which gift though it be small,  
Receiuing it what ioyes I did conceiue,  
Within my fainting spirits therewithall,  
Who knoweth loue aright may wel conceaue,  
By like aduentures that to them befall.  
,, For needs the Louer must esteeme that well,  
,, Which comes from her with whom his hart doth  
Assuredly it is not without cause (dwel.  
She gaue me this: something she meant thereby:  
For therewithall I might perceiue her pausē  
Awhile, as though some waightie thing did lie

D 2 Vpon

*The Tragedie*

Vpon her heart, which he conceald, because  
The standers by shold not our loues descriē,  
This clift bewraies that it hath beene discloſde.  
Perhaps herein ſhe hath ſomething incloſde.

*He breakes it.*

O thou great thundeter! who would not ſerue,  
Wherewit with beautie choſen haue their place,  
Who could deuife more wiſely to conſertie  
Things from ſuſpect? O *Venus*, for this grace  
That daines me, all vnworthy, to deſerue  
So rare a loue, in heauen I ſhould thee place.  
This ſweet letter ſome ioyfull newes conteineſ.  
I hope it brings recure to both our paines.

*He readeſ it.*

Mine owne, as I am yours, whose hearts (I know)  
No leſſe then mine, for lingering help of moe  
Doth long too long: Loue tendering your caſe  
And mine, hath taught recure of both our paine:  
My chamber flower doth hide a cane, where was  
An olde vantes mouth: the other in the plaine  
Doeth riſe Southward, a furlong from the wall,  
Descend you there. This ſhall ſuffice. And ſo  
I yeeld my ſelfe, mine honor, life and all,  
To you. Uſe you the ſame as there may grow  
Your bliſſe and mine (mine Earle) and that the ſame  
Free may abide from danger of defame.  
Farewell, and fare ſo well as that your ioy  
Which onely can, may comfort mine annoy.

Fours more then his owne, Gifmund.

O bliſful chance my ſorowes to affwage.  
Wonder of nature, maruell of our age,  
Comes this from Gifmund? did ſhe thus infold  
This letter in the cane: may it be ſo?

*of Tancard and Gismand.*

It were too sweet a ioy, I am deceu'd.  
Why shall I doubt, did she not giue it me?  
Therewith she smilde, she ioyde, she caught the cane  
And with her owne sweet hand she gaue it me:  
And as we danst, she dallied with the cane,  
And sweetly whispered I shold be her king,  
And with this cane the scepter of our rule,  
Command the sweets of her surprised heart.  
Therewith she caught from her alluring lockes,  
This golden tresse, the fauour of her grace,  
And with her owne sweet hand she gaue it me.  
O peerles Queene, my ioy, my hearts decree,  
And thou faire Letter, how shall I welcome thee:  
Both hand and pen wherewith thou written wert,  
Blest may ye be, such solace that impart,  
And blessed be this cane, and he that taught  
Thee to descrie the hidden entrie thus:  
Not onely through a darke and dreadfull vaut,  
But fire and sword, and through what euer be,  
Mistres of my desires, I come to thee.

*Guisard departeth in hast unto the pallace.*

*Chorus. 1.*

Right mightie is thy power, O cruell Loue,  
High loue himselfe cannot resist thy bow,  
Thousent st him down, euен frō the heauens aboue,  
In sundrie shapes here to the earth below,  
Then how shall mortall men escape thy dart?  
The seruent flame, and burning of thy fire?  
Since that thy might is such, and since thou art,  
Both of the seas and land the Lord and fire.  
But why doth he that sprung from Ioues high head? *Chor. 2.*  
And Phoebus sister shene, despise thy power?

*The Tragical*

Ne feares thy bow: why haue they alwaies led  
A maiden life, and kept vntoucht the flowre?  
Why doth *Aegistus* lotte, and to obteine  
His wicked wil, conspires his vncles death,  
Or why doth Phaedra burne, for whom is slaine  
Theseus chaste sonne? or Helen false of faith?  
,, For Loue assautes not but the idle heart,  
,, And such as live in pleasure and delight,  
,, He turneth of their gladsome joyes to smart,  
,, Their play to plaint, their sport into despite,  
Tis true that *Dian* chaseth with her bow,  
The flying Hart, the Goat and somie Bore,  
By hil, by dale, in heat, in frost, in snow,  
Shereketh not, but laboureth euernmore.  
Loue seeks nother, ne knoweth where her to finde,  
Whil'st *Paris* kept his heard on Ida downe  
Cupid nere sought him out, for he is blinde.  
But when he left the field to liue in towne,  
He fel into his snare, and brought thar brand  
From Greece to Troy, which after set on fire  
Strong Illium, and al the Phryges land:  
,, Such are the fruites of loue, luch is his hire.

Chor. 4. Who yeldeth vnto him his captiue heart,  
Ere he resist, and holds his open breast  
Withouten war to take his bloody dart,  
Let him not think to shake off when him list  
His heauy yoke. „ Resist his first assault,  
„ Weake is his bow, his quenched brand is cold,  
„ Cupid is but a child, and cannor daunt  
„ The minde that beares him, or his vertues bold.  
But he geties poyson so to drinke in golde,  
And hideth vnder pleasant baites his hooke,

*of Tancred and Gismond.*

But ye beware, it wil be hard to hold  
Your greedy minds, but if ye wisely looke  
What slike snake lurkes vnder those flowers gay,  
But ye mistrust some clowdie smokes, and feare  
A stormy shower after so faire a day.  
Ye may repent, and buy your pleasure deare,  
For seldom times is Cupid wont to send  
" Vnto an idle loue a ioyful end.

*Finis Actus 3. G. Al.*

*Before this Act Megara riseth out of hell, with the other Furies, Alecto and Tysphone, dancing an hellish round: which done she saith.*

*Actus. 3. Scena. I.*

**S**Isters be gone, bequeath the rest to me,  
That yet belongs vnto this Tragædie.

*The two Furies depart down.*

Vengeance and death from foorth the deepest hell  
I bring the cursed house where *Gismond* dwels.  
Sent from the grislie god that holds his raigne  
In Tartars vglie Realm, where Pelops sire  
(Who with his own sonnes flesh whom he had slain  
Did feast the Gods) with famin hath his hire.  
To gape and catch at flying fruities iuvaine,  
And yeelding watern to his gasping throte,  
Where stormie Aeoles sonne with endlesse paine  
Rowles vp the rock: where Titius hath his lot  
To feede the Gripe that gnawes his growing heart.  
Where proud Ixion wherled on the wheel,

*Purfues.*

*The Tragedie*

Pursues himselfe: where due deserued smart  
The damned Ghosts in burning flame do seele,  
From thence I mount: thither the winged God,  
Nephew to Atlas, that vpholds the skie,  
Oflate downe from the earth, with golden rod,  
To Stigian Firrie, Salerne soules did guide,  
And made report, how Loue that lordly boy,  
Highly disdaining his renownes decay,  
Slipt downe from heauen, haue fild with fickle ioy,  
Gismunds heart, and made her throw awaie  
Chastnes of life, to her immortall shame,  
Minding to shew by prooef of her foule end,  
Some terror vnto those that scorne his name,  
Blacke Pluto (that once found Cupid his friend  
In winning Ceres daughter Queene of hels)  
And Parthie moued by the grieved Ghost  
Of her late husband, that in Tartar dwels,  
Who praid due paines for her, that thus hath lost  
All care of him, and of her chalitie,  
The Senate then of hell by graue aduice  
Of Minos, Eac, and of Radamant,  
Commands me draw this hatefull aire, and rise  
Aboue the earth, with dole and death to dant  
The pride and present ioyes, wherewith these two  
Feed their disdained hartes, which now to do  
Behold I come, with instruments of death.  
This stinging snake which is of hate and wrath,  
Ile fixe vpon her fathers heart full fast,  
And into hers, this other will I cast,  
Whose rankling venom shall infect them so  
With enuious wrath, and with recurelesse wo  
Each shall be others plague and ouerthrow.

„Furies

*of Tancred and Gismund.*

, Furies must aide when men's lurtice to know,  
, Their gods, and hel sends foorth revenging paine  
, O those whom shame from sin cannot restraine.

*Megara entred into the pallace, and meeteth with*

*Tancred coming out of Gismunds chamber  
with Renuchio and Tullia, upon whom she throweth  
her Snake.*

*Scena. 2.*

*Tan. Odsareye guyts of Justice and reuenge:*

*G*O thou great Thunderer, doest thou be-  
holde

With watchful eyes the subtile scapes of men  
Hardned in shame, fear dvp in the desire  
Of their owne lustes: why then dost thou withhold  
The blast of thy reuenge? why doest thou graunt  
Such lively breath, such lewd occasion  
To execute their shamelesse villanie?  
Thou, thou art cause of al this open wrong,  
Thou that forbear'st thy vengeance all too long,  
If thou spare them raine then vpon my head  
The fulnesse of thy plagues with deadly ire,  
To reauue this ruthfull soule, who all too sore  
Burnes in the wrathfull torments of reuenge.  
O earth the mother of each living wight,  
Open thy wombe, deuour this withered corps,  
And thou O hel, (if other hel there be  
Then that I feele) receiue my soule to thee.  
O daughter, daughter, wherefore do I grace  
Her with so kind a name? O thou fond girle,  
The shamefull ruine of thy fathers house,

*The Tragedie*

Is this my hoped joy? is this the stay  
Must glad my greate fully carest that wyl away?  
For life which Crist abou wylt receive from me,  
Ten thousand deaths shal I receiuue by thee?  
For al the joyes I did repose in thee,  
Which I (fond man) did leare in thy sight,  
Is this my recompence that I must for  
The thing so shameful, and so villanous,  
That would to God this earth had swallowed  
This worthlesse burthen, into lowest deopes,  
Rather then I (accursed) had beheld,  
The sight that howcry malaffars my life,  
O whether, whether flyest thou soorth my soule?  
O whether wandreth my tormented mind,  
Those paines that make the miser glad of deam,  
Haue ceaz doun me, and yet I cannoe haue  
What villains may commaund, a spedic death,  
Whom shal I first accuse for this outrage?  
That God that guideth all, and guideth so  
This damned deede. Shall I blasphemie their names,  
The gods the authors of this spectacle,  
Or shal I mylly curse that cruel starre  
Whose influence assigned this destinie?  
But nay, that traitor shal that vyle wretch live,  
By whom I haue receau'd this injurie?  
Or shal Flonger make account of her  
That fondly prostitutes her widowes shame?  
I haue bethought me what I shall request.

*He knees.*

On bended knees, with hands hean'd vp to he auen  
This (sacred seane of the Gods) I craue,  
First on the traytor your counsing ires

*Nex*

*of Tamred and Gismund.*

Next, on the curled trumpet dire reuenge,  
Last, on my selfe, the wretched fath'rs shame.

*He riseth.*

Oh could I stampé, and therewithall commaund  
Armies of Furies to assist my heart,  
To prosecute due vengeance on their soules.  
Hear me my frends, but as ye lope your liues,  
Replie not to me, hearken and stand amaz'd,  
When I (as is my wont) oh fond delight,  
Went foorth to seek my daughter, now my death,  
Within her chamber (as I thought) she was,  
But there I found her not, I denied then  
For her disport she and her maidens were  
Downe to the garden walkt to comfort them,  
And thinking thus, it came into my mind  
There all alone to tarry her returace  
And thereupon I (wearie) threw my selfe  
Vpon her widdowes bed (for so I thought)  
And in the curten wrapt my cursed head.  
Thus as I lay anion I might beholde  
Out of the vault vp through her chamber floore  
My daughter *Gismund* bringing hand in hande  
The Countie *Palurim*, alas it is too true,  
At her beds feete this traitor madé me see  
Her shame, his treason, and my deadly griefe.  
Her Princelie body yeelded to this theefe,  
The high despite wherof so wounded me  
That traunce-like, as a senceless stone I lay,  
For neither wit, nor tongue could vse the meane  
To expresse the passions of my pained heart.  
Forcelesse, perforce, I sunke downe to this paine,  
As greedie famin doth constraine the hauke,

The Tragedie

Peccemeale to rent and teare shewylding paine:  
So far d'it with me in that heauen found  
But now what I haue doe shew may I seeke  
To ease my minde that burneth with desire  
Of dire reuenge: For neuer shal my thoughts  
Graunt ease vnto my heart, til I haue found  
A meane of vengeance to requite his paines,  
That first conueyd this sight vnto my soule.

Tan. Renuchio.

Renu. What is your Highnes will?

Tan. Call my daughter: my heart boyles till I see  
Her in my sight, to whom I may discharge  
All the vnrest that thus distempereth me.  
Should I destroy them both? O gods ye know  
How neere and deere our daughter is to vs.  
And yet my rage perswades me to imbrue  
My thirstie hands in both their trembling bloods,  
Therewith to cooke my wrathful furies heate.  
But Nature, why repin'st thou at this thought?  
Why should I thinkeypon a fathers debt  
To her that thought not on a daughters daies?  
But stil me thinks if I should see her die,  
And therewithall reflexe her dying eyes  
Vpon mine eyes, that sight would stur my heart.  
Not much unlike the Cocatrice, that flaires  
The object of his soule infections.  
Oh what a conflict doth my mind endure?  
Now fight my thoughts against my passions:  
Now striue my passions against my thoughts  
Now sweates my heart, now chil cold falles it dead.  
Help heauens, and succour ye Celestiall powers,  
Influe your secrete vertue on my soule.

shall

*of Tancred and Gismund.*

Shall nature winne? shall iustice not preuaile?  
Shall I (a king) be proued partiall?  
How shall our Subiects then insult on vs,  
When our examples (that are light to them)  
Shalbe eclipsed with our proper deeds?  
And may the armes he rented from the tree?  
The members from the body be disseuer'd?  
And can the heart endure no violence?  
My daughter is to me mine onlie heart,  
My life, my comfort, my continuance,  
Shall I be then not only so vakinde  
To passe all natures strength, and cut her off.  
But therewithall so cruell to my selfe,  
Against all law of kinde to shred in twaine  
The golden threed that doth vs both maintaine.  
But were it that my rage shold so commaund,  
And I consent to her vntimelic death,  
Were this an end to all our miseries?  
No, no, her ghost wil still pursue our life.  
And from the deep her bloodles gastfull spirit  
Wil as my shadow in the shining day,  
Follow my footsteps till she take reuenge.  
I will doe thus therefore: the traitor dies,  
Because he scornd the fauor of his king,  
And our displeasure wilfullie incurde:  
His slaughter, with her sorow for his bloud,  
Shall to our rage supplie delightfull foode.

Iulio.

*Jul.* What ist your Maiestie commaunds?  
*Tan.* Iulio, if we haue not our hope in vaine,  
Nor all the trust we doe repose in thee:  
Now must we trie if thou approue the same.

*The Tragedie*

Herein thy force and wisdom we must see,  
For our command requires them both of thee.

*Inl.* How by your Graces bountie I am bound,  
Beyond the common bond wherein each man  
Stands bound vnto his king, how I haue found  
Honor and wealth by fauor in your sight,  
I doe acknowledge with most thankfull minde.  
My trueth (with other meanes to serue your Grace,  
What cuer you in honor shall assigne)  
Hath sworne her power true vassall to your heft,  
For prooef let but your Maiestie command  
I shall vnlock the prison of my soule,  
(Although vnkindlie horror would gaine-say)  
Yet in obedience to your Highnes will,  
By whom I hold the tenor of this life,  
This hand and blade wil be the instruments,  
To make pale death to grapple with my heart.

*Tan.* Wel, to be short (for I am greeu'd too long  
By wrath without reuenge) I thinke you know  
Whilom a Pallace builded strong  
For warre, within our Court, where dreadlesse peace  
Hath planted now a weaker entrance.  
But of that pallace yet one vaut remaines,  
Within our Court, the secret way whereof  
Is to our daughter *Gismonds* chamber laide:  
There is also another mouth hereof,  
Without our wall: which now is ouergrownen,  
But you may finde it out, for yet it lies  
Directly South a furlong from our place:  
It may be knownen, hard by an auncient stoope,  
Where grew an Oke in elder daies decaide,  
There wil we that you watch, there shalld you see

Avil-

*of Tancred and Gismond.*

A villain traitor mount out oþ a vaur:  
Bring him to vs, it is th Earle Palerin,  
What is his fault neither shal you enquire,  
Nor list we to disclose, these cursed eyes  
Haue scene the flame, this heart hath felt the fire  
That canþ not els be quencht but with his bloud.  
This must be done: this will we haue you do.  
*Iul.* Both this, and els what ever you thinke good.

*Julio departeth into the Pallace.*

*Renugio bringeth Gismond out of her chamber, so whom Tancred saith.*

*Scena 3.*

**R**enugio departeþ leauing vs alone.

*Exit Renugio.*

Gismond, if either I could cast aside  
All care of thee: or if thou wouldest haue had  
Some care of me, it would not now betide  
That either thorow thy fault my ioy should fade,  
Or by thy folly I should beare the paine  
Thou hast procur'd: but now tis neither I  
Can shun the griefe: whom thou hast more þe slain  
Nor maist thou heale, or easre the grievous wound,  
Which thou hast geuen me. That vnstained life  
Wherein I ioy'd, and thought it thy delight,  
Why hast thou lost it? Can it be restor'd?  
Wher is thy widdowhood, there is thy shame.  
Gismonde, it is no mans, nor mens report,  
That haue by likely proofes enformd me thus.  
Thou knowest how hardly I could be induc'd

To

*The Tragedie.*

To vex my selfe, and be displeasid with thee,  
With flying tales of flattering Sycophants.  
No, no, there was in vs such setled trust  
Of thy chaste life, and vncorrupted minde:  
That if these eyes had not beheld thy shame,  
In vaine ten thousand censures could haue tolde,  
That thou didst once vnprincelike make agree  
With that vile traitor Countie *Palurin*.  
Without regard had to thy selfe or me,  
Vnshamefastly to staine thy state and mine.  
But I vnhaftiest haue beheld the same,  
And seeing it, yet feeleth exceeding griefe  
That slaiers my heart with horror of that thought.  
Which griefe commandes me to obey my rage,  
And Justice vrgeth some extreme reuenge,  
To wreake the wrongs that haue been offred vs.  
But Nature that hath lockt within thy brest  
Two liues: the same inclineth me to spare  
Thy bloud, and so to keep mine owne vnspilt.  
This is that ouerweening loue I beare  
To thee vnductifull, and vndeserued.  
But for that traitor, he shal surely die,  
For neither right nor nature doth intreat  
For him, that wilfully without all awc  
Of gods, or men, or of our deadly hate,  
Incurde the iust displeasure of his king.  
And to be briefe, I am content to know  
What for thy selfe thou canst obiect to vs,  
Why thou shouldest not together with him die,  
So to asswage the griefes that ouerthrow  
Thy fathers heart.  
*Gif*. O king, and father, humbly geue her leaue

To

of Tancred and Gismond.

To plead for grace, that stands in your disgrace.  
Not that she reckes this life: for I confess  
I haue deserft'd, when so it pleaseſt you,  
To die the death. Mine honor and my name  
(As you suppose) distained with reproach,  
And wel contented ſhall I meet the stroke  
That muſt diſſuer this detefted head  
Frō these lewd linimies. But this I wish were known  
That now I liue not for my ſelfe alone. I will waſe  
For when I ſaw that neither my reuert,  
Nor the intreatie of my caſefull Aunt,  
Could wiame your Highnes pleaſure to our will:  
Then loue, heate of the heart, life of the ſoule,  
Fed by deſire, increasing by restraint,  
Would not endure controlment any more:  
But violently enforſt my feeble heart,  
(For who am I alas, ſtill to reſiſt?  
Such endleſſe conſicts) To relent and yeelde  
Therewith I chose him for my Lord and pheare.  
Gifzard mine Earle that holds my loue full deare,  
Then if e'er foſteled in your mind,  
He ſhall hoſt live because he dar'd to loue and I  
Your daughter. Thus I geue your Grace to know  
Within his heart there is incloſe my life.  
Therefore O father, if that name may be  
Sweet to your eares; and that we may preuaile  
By name of father, that you fauour vs.  
But otherwife, if now we canhot finde  
That which our falſed hope did promife vs.  
Why then proceed, and rid our trembling hearts  
Of these ſuſpitions: ſince neither in this caſe  
His good deſerts in ſerviſe to your Grace,

F

Which

*The Tragedie*

Which alwaies haue bin iust, nor in desires  
May mittigate the cruel rage of grieve.  
That straines your heart, but that mine Earle must die  
Then all in vaine you aske what I can say  
Why I should liue, sufficeth for my part  
To say I wil not liue, and so resolute.

*Tan.* Dar'st thou so desperat decree thy death?  
*Gis.* A dreadles heart delites in such decrets.  
*Tan.* Thy kind abhorreth such vnkindly thoughts.  
*Gis.* Vnkindly thoughts they are to them that liue  
In kindly loue. *Tan.* As I doe vnto thee.  
*Gis.* To take his life who is my loue to me.  
*Tan.* Haue I then lost thy loue? *Gis.* If he shal lose  
His life, that is my loue. *Tan.* Thy loue. Be gone.  
Returne vnto thy chamber. *Gis.* I wil goe.

*Gismund departeth to her chamber.*

*Julio with his gard bringeth in the County Pal. prisoner*

*Scena. 4.*

*In.* If it please your highnes hitier haue we broght  
This captiue Earle as you commanded vs.  
Whō(as we wer fortold) euen there we found  
Where by your maiesty we were inioin'd  
To watch for him. What moare your highnes willes,  
This heart and hand shal execute your heft.  
*Tan.* Julio we thank your paines. Ah Palurin,  
Haue we deserued in such traiterous sort  
Thou shouldest abuse our kingly courtesies,  
Which we too long in fauor haue bestowed  
Vpon thy false-dissembling hart with vs.  
What grief thou therewithal hast throwen on vs

*What*

*of Tancred and Gismund.*

What shame vpon our house, what dire distresse,  
Our soul endures, cannot be vttered.  
And durst thou vilen dare to vndermine  
Our daughters chamber, durst thy shameles face  
Be holde to kisse her: th'rest we wil conceale.  
Sufficeth that thou knowest I too wel know  
All thy proceedings in thy priuar shames.  
Herin what hast thou woane? thine own content,  
With the displeasure of thy Lord and king.  
The thought whereof if thou hadst had in mind  
The least remorce of loue and loyaltie  
Might haue restraint thee from so soule a fact.  
But Palurin, what may I deeme of thee,  
Whom neither feare of gods, nor loue of him  
(Whose Princely fauor hath been thine vpreare)  
Could quench the fewel of thy lewd desires.  
Wherfore content thee that we are resolu'd  
(And therfore laid to snare thee with this bayt)  
That thy iust death, with thine effused blood,  
Shal coole the heate and choler of our mood.  
*Guiz.* My Lord the King, neither do I mislike  
Your sentence, nor do your smoking sighes  
Reacht from the entrals of your boiling heart,  
Disturbe the quiet of my calmed thoughts:  
For this I feele, and by experiance proue,  
Such is the force and endlesse might of loue,  
As neuer shal the dread of carren death  
That hath enuide our ioyes, inuade my brest,  
For if it may be found a fault in me  
(That euermore haue lou'd your Maiestie)  
Likewise to honor and to loue your child,  
If loue vnto you both may be a fault,

*The Tragedie*

But vnto her my loue exceeds compare,  
Then this hath been my fault, for which I joy  
That in the greatest lust of all my life,  
I shall submitte for her sake to endure  
The pangues of death. Oh mighty Lord of loue  
Strengthen thy vassall, boldlie to receaue  
Large wounds into this body for her sake.  
Then vse my life or death, my Lord and king,  
For your reliefe to easre your grieved soule:  
For whether I liue, or els that I must die,  
To end your paines I am consent to beare:  
Knowing by death I shall bewtay the truceh  
Of that sound heart which liuing was her owne,  
And died aliue for her that liued mine,  
*Tan.* Thine *Palurin*, what liues my daughter thine?  
Traitor thou wrongst me, for she liueth mine.  
Rather I wish ten thousand sundrie deaths,  
Then I to liue and see my daughter thine.  
Thine, that is dearer then my life to me?  
Thine, whom I hope to see an Empresse?  
Thine, whom I cannot pardon from my sight?  
Thine, vnto whom we haue bequeath'd our crowns  
*Julio*, we wil that thou informe from vs  
Renuchio the Capten of our Gard,  
That we commaund this traitor be conveyd  
Into the dungeon vnderneath our Tower,  
There let him rest vntil he be resolu'd  
What further we intend, which to vnderstand,  
We will Renuchio repaire to vs.  
*Jul.* O that I might your Maestie entreat  
With clemencie to besyfie your seate,  
Toward this Prince distrest by his desires,

*of Tancred and Gismond.*

Too many, all too strong to captiuate *versus illud p. 1*

*Tan.*, This is the soundest safetie for a king

, To cut them off that vex or hinder him.

*Iul.*, This haue I found the safetie of a king,

, To spare the Subiects that do honor him.

*Tan.*, Haue we been honourd by this leachers lust?

*Iul.* No, but by this devout submission,

*Tan.* Our fortune saies we must do what we may.

*Iul.*, This is praise-worth, not to do what you may.

*Tan.* And may the Subiect countermaund the king?

*Iul.* No, but intreat him. *Tan.* What he shal decree.

*Iul.* What wisdom shall discern. *Iul.* Nay what our

Shal best determine. We wil not replie. *word*

Thou knowest our mind, our heart cannot be easd,

But with the slaughter of this *Palurin.*

*The king hasteth into his Pallace.*

*Guis.* O thou great God, who from thy hiest thronc

Hast stooped down, and felt the force of loue,

Bend gentle eares vnto the wofull mone,

Of me poore wretch, to graunt that I require:

Help to perswade the same great God, that he

So farre remit his might, and slack his fire,

From my deare Ladies kindled heart, that she

May heare my death without her hurt, Let not

Her face, wherein there is as cleere a light

As in the rising moone: let not her checkes

As red as is the partie-coloured rose,

Be paled with the newes hereof: and so

I yeeld my selfe, my fillie soul, and all,

To him, for her, for whom my death shall shew

I liu'd, and as I liu'd, I dide her thrall.

Graunt this thou Thunderer: this shal suffice,

The Tragedie

My breath to vanish in the liquid skies.

Guillard is led to prison.

Chorus primus.

Who doth not know the fruits of Paris loue,  
Nor vnderstand the end of Heliens ioy,  
Hemay behold the fatall ouerthow  
Of Priams house, and of the towne of Troy.  
His death at last, and her eternal shame,  
For whome so many noble knights were slaine.  
So many a Duke, so many a Prince of fame  
Bereft his life, and left there in the plaine.  
Medeas armed hand, Elizas sword,  
Wretched Leander drenched in the floud.  
Phillis so long that waited for her Lord  
All these too dearly bought their loues with bloud.

Cho. 2. But he in vertue that his Lady serues

Newils but what vnto her Honor longs,  
Heneuer from the rule of reason swarutes,  
He feeleth not the pangs, ne raging throngs  
Of blind Cupid: he liues not in despaire  
As done his seruants: neither spends his daies  
In ioy, and care, vaine hope, and throbbing feare,  
But seekes alway what may his soucraine please  
In honor: he that thus serues, reapes the fruite  
Of his sweet seruice: and no ielous dread  
Nor base suspect of ought to let his sute  
(Which caulceth oft the louers hart to bleed)  
Doth fret his mind, or burneth in his brest:  
He wayleth not by day, nor wakes by night,  
Wheneuer other liuing thing doth rest.  
Nor findes his life or death within her sight.

Cho. 3. Remember thou in vertue serue therefore

Thy

*of Tancred and Gismund.*

Thy chaste Lady: beware thou do not loue  
As whilom Venus did the faire Adonne,  
But as Diana lou'd the Amazons sonne.  
Through whose request the gods to him alone  
Restorde new life: the twine that was vndone  
Was by the sisters twisted vp againe.  
The loue of vertue in thy Ladies lookes,  
The loue of vertue in her learned talke,  
This loue yeelds matter for eternall bookeſ.  
This loue intiseth him abroad to walke,  
There to inuent and write new rondelaies  
Of learned conceit, her fancies to allure  
To vaine delights, ſuch humors he allaiers,  
And ſings of vertue and her garments pure.  
*Cho. 4.* Desire not of thy Soueraigne the thing  
Whereof shame may enſue by any meane:  
Nor wiſh thou ought that may diſhonor bring.  
So whilom did the learned Tuscan ſerue  
His faire Lady: and glory was their end.  
Such are the praifes Louers done deserue,  
Whose ſeruice doth to vertue and honor tend.

*Finis Actus 4. Compoſuit Ch. Has.*

*Renuchio commeth out of the Pallace.*

*Actus 5. Scena 1.*

*Ren.* O H cruel fate, oh miserable chaunce  
O Oh dire aspect of hateful destinies,  
Oh wo may not be told: ſuffic'd it not  
That I ſhould ſee and with these eyes behold  
So foule, ſo bloody, and ſo base a deede:

*But*

The Tragis

But more to agrauate the heauie cares  
Of my perplexed mind, must onelie I  
Must I alone be made the messenger,  
That must deliuere to her Princelie cares  
Such dismal newes? as when I shal disclose  
I know it cannot but abridge her daies.  
As when the thunder and three forked fire  
Rent through the cloudes by Ioues almighty power  
Breakes vp the bosom of our mother earth,  
And burns her heart before the heat be felt.  
In this distresse whom should I most bewaile,  
My woe, that must be made the messenger  
Of these ynworthie and vnwelcome newes?  
Or shall I mons thy death, O noble Earle?  
Or shal I still lament the heauie hap  
That yet, O Queene, attends thy funeral.

*Cho. 1.* What mones be these? *Renuel* is this Salenic  
Doth here king *Tancred* hold the awful crowne?  
Is this the place where ciuill people bee?  
Or do the Savage Scythians here abounds?

*Cho. 2.* What mean these questiones? whether end theses  
Resolute vs maidens, & release our fears.  
(words)  
What euer newes thou bring'st, discouer them,  
Deteine vs not in this suspicous dread,

» The thought whereof is greater then the woe.

*Renu.* O whither may I cast my lookes? to heauen?  
Black pitchy clouds from th' infernall downy enenge  
The earth shal I behold staine with the gore

Of his heart bloud that dide most innocent.

Which way so ere I turne mynd eyes, *rie thinks*  
His butchered corps stands staring in my face.

*Cho. 3.* We humbly pray thee to forbear these words

So

*of Tancred and Gismund.*

So ful of terror to our mayden hearts:

„ The dread of things vnknown breedes the suspect

„ Of greater dread, vntil the worst be knownen.

Tel therfore what hath chaunst, and whereunto,

This bloudy cup thou holdest in thy hand.

*Renu.* Since so is your request that I shal doe,

Although my mind so sorrowful a thing

Repines to tell, and though my voice eschewes

To say what I haue seene: yet since your will

So fixed stands to heare for what I rue,

Your great desires I shall herein fulfill.

First by Salerne Citie, amids the plaine,

There stands a hil, whose bottom huge and round,

Throwen out in breadth, a large space doth contain

And gathering vp in height small from the grounde

Stil lesse and lesse it mounts: there sometime was

A goodly towre vpreard, that flowrde in fame

While fate and fortune seru'd, but tyme doth passe,

And with his sway suppresseth all the same:

For now the walles be enened with the plaine.

And all the rest so sowly lies defast:

As but the only shade doth there remaine

Of that which there was built in time forepast:

And yet that shewes what worthy work tofore

Hath there been reard: one parcel of that towre

Yet stands, which eating tyme could not deuoure:

A strong turret compact of stone and rock:

Hugie without, but horrible within:

To passe to which by force of handy stroke

A crooked straite is made, that ente rs in

And leades into this vgly loathsome place.

Within the which carued into the ground

G

A deep

*The Tragedie*

A deep dungeon there runnes of narrow space  
Dreadful and darke, where never light is found;  
Into this hollow caue, by cruel hest  
Of king *Tancred*, were diuers seruants sent  
To worke the horror of his furious brest,  
Earst nourisht in his rage, and now sterne bent,  
To haue the same performde: I woful man  
Amongst the rest, was one to do the thing  
That to our charge so straitly did belong,  
In sort as was comandement by the king.  
Within which dreadful prison when we came,  
The noble Counte *Palurin* that there  
Lay chain'd in giues, fast fettered in his bolts,  
Out of the darke dungeon we did vpreare  
And hal'd him thence into a brighter place,  
That gaue vs light to worke our tyrannie.  
But when I once beheld his manly face,  
And saw his cheare, no more appauld with feare,  
Of prefent death, then he whom never dread  
Did once amate: my heart abhorred then  
To geue consent vnto so foul a deede,  
That wretched death should reue so worthy a man  
On false fortune I cride with lowd complaint,  
That in such sort ouerwhelmes nobilitie.  
But he whom never griefe ne feare could taint,  
With siniling cheare himselfe oft willeth me,  
To leauue to plaine his case, or sorrow make,  
For him, for he was far more glad apaide  
Death to imbrace thus for his Ladies sake,  
Then life, or all the ioyes of life he said.  
For losse of life (quoth he) greeues me no more,  
Then losse of that which I esteemed least,

My

*of Tancred and Gismond.*

My Ladys griefe, least she shoulde rue therefore,  
Is all the cause of griefe within my brest.  
He praid therfore that we woulde make report  
To her of those his last words he woulde say:  
That though he never could in any sort  
Her gentlenes requite, nor never lay  
Within his power to serue her as he woulde,  
Yet she possessest his heart with hand and might,  
To doe her all the honor that he could.  
This was to him of all the ioyes that might  
Reuiue his heart, the chiefest ioy of al,  
That to declare the faithfull heart which he  
Did beare to her, fortune so wel did fall,  
That in her loue he shoulde both liue and die.  
After these words he staid, and spake no more,  
But ioyfully beholding vs eachone,  
His words and cheare amazed vs so sore  
That stil we stooode: when forthwith thereupon  
But why slack you (quoth he) to do the thing  
For which you come? make speed and stay no more  
Performe your masters will: now tel the king  
He hath his life for which he long'd so sore:  
And with those words himselfe with his own hand  
Fastned the bands about his neck. The rest  
Wondring at his stout heart, astonied stand  
To see him offer thus himselfe to death.  
What stony brest, or what hard heart of flint  
Would not relent to see this dreery fight?  
So goodly a man, whom death nor fortunes dint  
Could once disarme, murdred with such despite.  
And in such sort bereft amidst the flowers  
Of his fresh yeares, that ruthfull was to seene:

*The Tragedie*

„ For violent is death, when he deuoures  
„ Yong men, or virgins, while their yeares be green.  
Lo now our seruants seeing him take the bands  
Andon his neck himselfe to make them fast:  
Without delay set to their cruel hands,  
And sought to worke their fierce intent with hast,  
They stretch the bloudy bands, and when the breth  
Began to faile his brest, they slackt againe.  
Thrife did they pull, and thrife they losed him,  
So did their hands repine against their hearts:  
And oft times losed to his greater paine.  
„ But date of death that fixed is so fast,  
„ Beyond his course there may no wight extend,  
For strangled is this noble Earle at last,  
Bereft of life, vnworthy such an end.  
*Chor.* O dāned deed. *Ren.* What deem you this to be  
Al the sayd newes that I haue to vnfould?  
Is here (think you) end of the crueltie  
That I haue seen? *Chor.* Could any heauier woe  
Be wrought to him, then to destroy him so?  
*Ren.* What, think you this outrage did end so well?  
The horror of the fact, the greatest griefe,  
The massaker, the terror is to tell.  
*Cho.* Alack what could be more? they threw percase  
The dead body to be deuoured and tornē  
Of the wild beasts.  
*Renu.* Would God it had been cast a sauge pracie  
To beasts and birds: but lo, that dreadfull thing  
Which euen the tyger would not work, but to  
Suffice his hunger: that hath the tyrant king  
Withouten ruth commaunded vs to doe,  
Onely to please his wrathfull heart withal.

Happy

*of Tancred and Gismund.*

Happy had been his chance, too happy alas,  
If birdes, or beasts had eaten vphis corps,  
Yea heart and all: within this cup I bring,  
And am constrained now vnto the face  
Of his deare Ladie to present the same.

*Chor.* What kind of crueltie is this you name?  
Declare foorthwith, and wherunto doth tend  
This farther plaint. *Ren.* After his breath was gone,  
Forced perforce thus from his panting breſt  
Straight they dispoiled him, and not alone  
Contented with his death, on the dead corps  
Which rauenous beasts forbeare to lacerate,  
Euen vpon this our villens fresh begunne  
To shew new crueltie: foorthwith they pearce  
His naked bellie, and vnrift it so,  
That out the bowels gusht: who can rehearſe  
Their tyrannie, wherwith my heart yet bleedes.  
The warme entralles were tornē out of his breſt,  
Within their hands trembling not fully dead,  
His veines smok'd, his bowels all to reeked  
Ruthleſſe were rent, and throwen about the place:  
All clottered lay the bloud in lumps of gore,  
Sprent on his corps, and on his paled face,  
His trembling heart, yet leaping, out they tore,  
And cruelly vpon a rapier  
They fixt the same, and in this hateful wise  
Vnto the king this heart they do present:  
A sight longd for to feede his irefull eies.  
The king perceiuing each thing to be wrought  
As he had wilde, reioyſing to behold  
Vpon the bloudie ſword the pearced heart,  
He calleſ then forthis maſſie cup of gold,

*The Tragedie*

Into the which the wofull heare he cast,  
And reaching me the same, now go, quoth he,  
Vnto my daughter, and with speedy hast  
Present her thus, and say to her from me,  
Thy father hath here in this cup thee sent  
That thing to ioy and comfort thee withal,  
Which thou louedst best, euen as thou werst content  
To comfort him with his chiefe ioy of all.

*Cho.* O hateful fact! O passing crueltie!  
O murder wrought with too much hard despit!

O hainous deede, which no posterite

Wil once beleeue! *Rep.* Thus was Earle *Palatin*.

Strangled vnto the death, yea after death

His heart and bloud disboweled from his brest:

But what auaileth plaint? it isbut breath

Fowasted all in vaine: why do I rest

Here in this place? why goe I not and doe

The hatefull message to my charge committed?

Oh were it not that I am forc'd thereto,

By a kings will, here would I stay my feet,

Ne one whit farder wade in this intent:

But I mustyeeld me to my Princes hest,

Yet doth this somewhat comfort mine virest,

I am resolu'd her grieve not to behold,

But get me gone my message being told. (comes

Where is the Princesse chamber? *Cho.* Lo where she

*Gismund commeth out of her chamber, to whom Re-*  
*nuschio delivereth his cup, saying.*

*Scena 2.*

**T**Hy father, O Queen, here in this cup hath sent  
The thing to ioy and comfort thee withall  
Which thou louedst best, euen as thou wast content

To

*of Tancred and Gismuna.*

To comfort him with his chiefe ioy of all:  
Gis. I thanke my father, and thee gentle squire,  
For this thy trauell take thou for thy paines  
This bracelet, and commend me to the king.

*Renuchio departeth.*

So now is come the long expected houre,  
The fatall hower I haue so looked for,  
Now hath my father satisfied his thirst  
With gilfesse bloud which he so coueted.  
What brings this cup? (ay me) I thought no lesse,  
It is mine Earles, my Counties pearced heart,  
Deare heart, too dearely hast thou bought my loue  
Extreamely rated at too high a price.  
Ah my sweet heart, sweet wast thou in thy life,  
But in thy death thou prouest passing sweet.  
A fitter heare then this of beaten gold,  
Could not be lotted to so good an heart:  
My father therefore well provided thus  
To close and wrap thee vp in massie gold,  
And therewithall to send thee vnto me,  
To whom of duety thou doest best belong.  
My father hath in all his life bewraide  
A princely care and tender loue to me:  
But this surpasseth, in his later dayes  
To send me this, mine owne deare heart to me.  
Wert thou not mine, dear hart, whilst that my loue  
Daunced and plaid vpon thy golden strings?  
Art thou not mine (deere heart) now that my loue  
Is fled to heauen, and got him golden wings?  
Thou art mine owne, and stil mine own shalbe  
Therefore my father sendeth thee to me.  
Ah pleasant harbourough of my hearts thought!

Ah

The Tragedie

Ah sweete delight, the quickner of my soule  
Seuen times accursed be the hand that wrought  
Thee this despight, to mangle thee so foule:  
Yet in this wound I see mine owne true loue,  
And in this wound thy magnanimitie,  
And in this wound I see thy constancie.  
Goe gentle heart, go rest thee in thy tumbbe,  
Receave this token at thy last farewell:

*She kisseth it.*

Thine owne true heart anon will follow thee,  
Which panting hasteth for thy companie.  
Thus hast thou run (poore heart) thy mortall race,  
And rid thy life from fickle fortunes snares,  
Thus hast thou lost this world, and worldly cares,  
And of thy soe, to honour thee withall,  
Receau'd a golden graue, to thy desert,  
Nothing desir want to thy iust funerall,  
But my salt teares to wash thy bloody wound.  
Which to the end thou mightist receave, behold  
My father sends thee in this cup of gold,  
And thou shalt haue them, though I was resolu'd  
To shed no teares, but with a chearefull face  
Once did I think to wet thy funerall  
Only with bloud, and with no weeping eye.  
This done, foorthwith my soule shal fly to thee,  
For therfore did my father send thee me.  
Ah my pure heart, with sweeter companie,  
Or more content, how safer may I proue  
To passe to places all vnknownen with thee.  
Why did I not therfore? why doe I stay?  
Why doe I not this wofull life forgoe,  
And with these hands enforce this breath away?

IA.

What

*of Tancred and Gismund.*

What meaneſt this gorgeouſe glittering head attir  
How ill beſeeine theſe billamēts of gold  
Thy mournfull widdowhood: away with them,  
So let thy trefles flaring in the windē  
Vntrimmēd hang about thy bared necke:  
Now helliſh furies ſet my heart on fire,  
Bolden my courage, ſtrengthen ye my hands  
Againſt their kind, to do a kindly deed :  
But ſhall I then vñwreaken downe deſcend?  
Shall I not worke ſome iuſt reuenge on him  
That thus hath ſlain my loue? ſhall not theſe hands  
Fire his gates, and make the flame to climbē  
Vp to the pinnacles, with burning brānds,  
And on his cynders wreake my cruell teene.  
Be ſtill (fond girle) content thee firſt to die,  
This venomd water ſhall abridge thy life,  
This for the ſame intent provided I,  
Which can both eafe and end this raging ſtrife.  
Thy father by thy death ſhall haue more woe,  
Then fire or flames within his gates can bring :  
Content thee then in patiencē hence to go,  
Thy death his bloud ſhall wreake vpon the king.  
Now not alone (a griefe to die alone)  
„The onely myrror of extreame anoy,  
But not alone, thou diest my loue, for I  
Will be copartner of thy deſtinie.  
Be merrie then my ſoule, canſt thou refuſe  
To die with him, that death for thee did chooſe?  
*Chor. 1.* What damned furie hath poſſeſt our Queen  
Why ſit we ſtill beholding her diſtreſſe?  
Madame forbeare, ſuppreſſe this headſtrong rage.  
*Gif.* Maidens forbeare your comfortable wordes.

*She vna-  
drefſib  
her haire.*

*She taketh  
a viall of  
poſon ouer  
of her poc-  
ket.*

*The Tragedie*

*Cho.2.* O worthy Queene, rashnes doth ouerthrowe  
The author of his resolution.

*Gif.* Where hope of help is lost what booteth feare?

*Cho.3.* Feare wilauoyd the sting of infamie.

*Gif.* May good or bad reports delight the dead?

*Cho.4.* If of the liuing yet the dead haue care.

*Gif.* An easie griefe by councel may be cur'd.

*Cho.1.* But hedstrong mischies princes shoud auoid

*Gif.* In headlong griefes and cases desperate?

*Cho.2.* Cal to your mind (*Gif.*) you are the Queene.

*Gif.* Vnhappy widow, wife, and paramour. (king

*Cho.3.* Think on the king. *Gif.* The king? the tyrant

*Cho.3.* Your father. *Gif.* Yea, the murthrer of my loue

*Ch.4.* His force. *Gif.* the dead fear not the force of me

*Ch.1.* His care & griefe. *Gif.* That neither car'd for me

Nor greeued at the murther of my loue,

My mind is settled, you with these vain words,

Withhold me buttoo long from my desire.

Depart ye to my chamber. *Cho.* We wil haft

To tel the king hereof.

*Chorus depart into*

*the Pallace.*

*Gif.* I will preuent

Both you and him. Lo here, this harty draught

The last that in this world I meane to tast,

Dreadlesse of death (mine Earle) I drink to thee.

So now worke on, now doth my soul begin

To hate this light, wher in there is no loue,

No loue of parents to their children,

No loue of Princes to their Subiects true,

No loue of Ladies to their dearest loues.

Now passe I to the pleasant land of loue,

Where heauenly loue immortall flourishest:

The Gods abhorre the company of men,

Hel is on earth, yea hel it selfe is heauen.

*of Tancred and Gismund.*

Compar'd with earth. I cal to witnes heauen,  
Heauen, said I: no, but hel record I call,  
And thou sterne Goddesse of reuenging wrongs  
Witnesse with me I die for his pure loue  
That liued mine.

*Tancred in hast commeth out of his pallace with Iulio: down and*  
*Scena 3,*

*Tan.* **W**Here is my daughter?  
*Iul.o.* Behold, here, wofull king.  
*Tan.* Ai me, break hart, & thou fly foorth  
What, doth my daughter *Gis.* take it so? (my soul  
What hast thou done? oh let me see thine eyes,  
Oh let me dresse vp those vntrimmed locks,  
Looke vp, sweet child, look vp mine only ioy,  
Tis I thy father: that beseecheth thee:  
Reare vp thy body, straine thy dying voice  
To speake to him, sweet *Gismund* speake to me.  
*Gis.* Who staies my soul? who thus disquiets me?  
*Tan.* Tis I thy father, ah behold my teares  
Like pearled dew that trickle down my cheekees,  
To wash my siluer haire. *Gis.* Oh father king  
Forbear your teares, your plaint wil not auail.  
*Tan.* Oh my sweetheart, hast thou receau'd thy life  
From me, and wilt thou to requite the same,  
Yeeld me my death: yea death and greater greefe  
To see thee die for him that did defame  
Thine honor thus, my kingdome, and thy name.  
*Gis.* Yea therfore father gaue ye life to me,  
That I should die, and now my date is done.  
As for your kingdome, and mine own renowne,  
Which you affirme dishonoured to be  
That fault impute it where it is, for he

*Shee lieth  
cuneresh  
her face  
with her  
haire.*

*The Tragedie*

That slew mine Earle, and sent his heart to me,  
His hands haue brought this shame and griefe on vs  
But father, yet if anie sparke remaine  
Of your deare loue, if euer yet I could  
So much deserue, or at your hands desire,  
Grant that I may obtaine this last request,  
*Tanc.* Saie louely child, saie on, what ere it be,  
Thy father grants it willingly to thee.

*Cif.* My life I craue not, for it is not now  
In you to giue, nor in my selfe to saue,  
Nor craue I mercie for mine Earle and me,  
Who hath bin slaine with too much crueltie.  
With patience I must awhile abide  
Within this life, which now will not belong.  
But this is my request, Father I pracie,  
That since it pleased so your maesticie,  
I shold inioy my loue aliue no more,  
Yet neretheles let vs not parted be,  
Whom cruell death could never separate :  
But as we liude and dide together here,  
So let our bodies be together tombde,  
Let him with me, and I with him be laid  
Within one shrine, where euer you appoint,  
This if you grant me, as I trust you will,  
Although I liue not to requite this grace,  
Th'immortall Gods due recompence shall giue  
To you for this, and so vaine world farewell,  
My speech is painefull, and mine eie-sight failes.  
*Tanc.* My daughter dies, see how the bitter panges  
Of tyrannous death, torments her princely heart,  
She lookes on me, at me she shakes her head,  
For me she groanes, by me my daughter dies,  
I, I, the author of this Tragedie.

On

*of Tanored and Gismund.*

On me, on me, yee heauens throw downe your ire,  
Now dies my daughter, hence with princely roabes  
Oh faire in life, thrice fairer in thy death,  
Deare to thy father in thy life thou wert,  
But in thy death, dearest vnto his heart,  
I kisse thy paled checkes, and close thine eies,  
This duetie once I promist to my selfe,  
Thou shouldest performe to me, but ah false hope  
Now ruthful wretched king what resteth thee?  
Wilt thou now liue wasted with miserie?  
Wilt thou now liue that with these eies didst see  
Thy daughter dead: wilt thou now liue to see  
Her funerals, that of thy life was stay?  
Wilt thou now liue that wast her luyves decay?  
Shal not this hand reach to this heart the stroke  
Mine armes are not so weake, nor are my limmes  
So feebled with mine age, nor is my heart  
So daunted with the dread of cowardice,  
But I can wreake due vengeance on that head  
That wrought the means these louers now be dead  
Iulio come neare, and lay thine own right hand  
Vpon my thigh, now take thine oath of me.  
*Iul.* I sweare to thee, my liege Lord, to discharge  
What euer thou enioynest Iulio.

*Tan.* First then I charge thee that my daughter haue  
Her last request, thou shalt within one tombe  
Interre her Earle and her: and thereupon  
Engraue some Royall Epitaph of loue.  
That done, I swear thee thou shalt take my corps  
Which thou shalt find by that time done to death,  
And lay my bodie by my daughters side.  
Sweare this, sweare this I say. *Iul.* I sweare.

*The Tragedie*

But will the king do so vnkingly now.

*Tan.* A kingly deed the king resolues to doe.

*Iul.* To kil himselfe. *Tan.* To send his soule to ease.

*Iul* Doth loue command it? *Tan.* Our stars cōpell it.

*Iul.* The wiseman ouerules his stars. *Tan.* So we

*Iul* Vndaunted should the minds of kings indure.

*Tan.* So shal it in this resolution.

Iulio forbeare, and as thou louest the king,  
When thou shalt see him weltring in his gore,  
Stretching his limmes, and gasping in his grones  
Then Iulio set to thy helping hand,  
Redouble stroke on stroke, and drieue the stab  
Down deeper to his heart, to rid his soule.  
Now stand aside, stir not a foote, least thou  
Make vp the fourth to fill this Tragedie.

These eyes that first beheld my daughters shame,  
These eyes that longed for the routhful sight  
Of her Earles heart, these eyes that now haue seene  
His death, her woe, and her auenging teene:  
Vpon these eyes we must be first auenged.

Vnworthy lamps of this accursed lump,  
Out of your dwellings: so, it fits vs thus  
In bloud and blindnes to goe seekke the path  
That leadeth down to euerlasting night.

Why frighst thou dastard? be thou desperate,  
One mischiefe brings another on his neck,  
As mighty billowes tumble in the seas.  
Now daughter, seest thou not how I amerce  
My wrath that thus bereft thee of thy loue,  
Vpon my head? now fathers learn by me,  
Be wise, be warnde to vse more tenderly  
The iewels of your ioyes. Daughter, I come.

EPI-

## EPILOGVS.

*Jul.* **L**O here the sweets of grisly-pale despaire,  
These are the blossoms of this cursed tree  
Such are the fruits of too much loue and  
Orewhelmed in the sence of miserie. (care  
With violent hands he that his life doth end,  
His damned soul to endles night doth wend.  
Now resteth it that I dischargemine oath,  
To see th'unhappy louers and the king,  
Layd in one tombe: I would be very loath  
You should wayt here to see this mournful thing.  
For I am sure, and do ye all to wit,  
Through griefe wherin the Lords of Salerne be,  
These funerals are not prepared yet:  
Nor do they think on that solemnitie.  
As for the fury, ye must vnderstand,  
Now she hath seen the effect of her desire,  
She is departed, and hath left our land,  
Graunting this end vnto her hellish ire.  
Now humbly pray we that our English dames  
May neuer lead their loues into mistrust:  
But that their honors may auoid the shames  
That follow such as liue in wanton lust.  
We know they beare them on their vertues bold  
With blisfull chaftitie so wel content,  
That when their liues, and loues abroad are told,  
All men admire their vertuous gouernment.  
Worthie to liue where Furie neuer came,  
Worthie to liue where loue doth alwaies see,  
Worthie to liue in golden trump of Fame,  
Worthie to liue, and honoured stil to be.  
Thus end our sorrowes with the setting Sun:  
Now draw the curtens for our Scæne is done.

FINIS.

R.W.

### Introductio in Actum secundum.

**B**efore the second Act there was heard a sweete noice of stil pipes, which sounding, Lucrece entred, attended by a mayden of honor with a couered goddard of gold, and drawing the curtens, shee offreth unto Gismunda to tast thereof: which when shee had done, the maid returned, and Lucrece rayseth up Gismund from her bed, and then it followeth vt in Act. 2. Scen. 1.

### Introductio in Actum tertium.

Before this Acte the Hobaines sounded a losty Almain, and Cupid Vþbereth after him, Guisard and Gismund hand in hand. Iulio and Lucrece, Renuchio and another maiden of honor. The measurestrod, Gismunda gaves a cane into Guisards hand, and they are all ledde forth again by Cupid. Et sequitur.

### Introductio in Actum 4.

Before this Act there was heard a consort of sweet musick, which playing, I anced commesh forth, & draveth Gismundscurtens, and lies down upon her bed, then from under the stage ascendeith Guisz. & he helpeth vp Gismund, shew amarously embrace, & depart. The king ariseth enraged, then mas heard & seen a storm of thunder & lightning, in which the furies rise vp, Et sequitur.

### Introductio in Actum quintum.

Before this Act was a dead march plaide, during which entred on the stage Renuchio capten of the Guard, attended wpon by the guard, they tooke vp Guisz. from under the stage, then after Guisard had kindly taken leaue of them all, a strangling cord was fastened about his neck, & he haled soorth by them. Renuchio bewayleth it, & then entring in, bringeth soorth a standing cup of gold, wth a bloudy hart reeking whot init, and then saith vt sequitur.

### Fauiles escaped.

In the proface to the M. mads, line 3. graml, read gleams. before act 1. l.r. with, read w with. sce. ii. l. r. r. iii. for fear that, r. feare of that. sce. i. act i. l. r. viii. for by him, r. by thine. sce. i. act iii. l. r. v. for di-  
grained. r. distained. sce. ii. l. vii. for lively breath, r. liberty. sce. ii. act  
iii. for but nay, r. but may. sce. (ii. ag. iii. for) widowhood, r. widows  
bed. sce. ii. for whilom a. r. whilom there was a. act iii. l. r. iii. hurt.  
reade let not.

